

No 2

FEB.-MAR.

MOON MULLINS

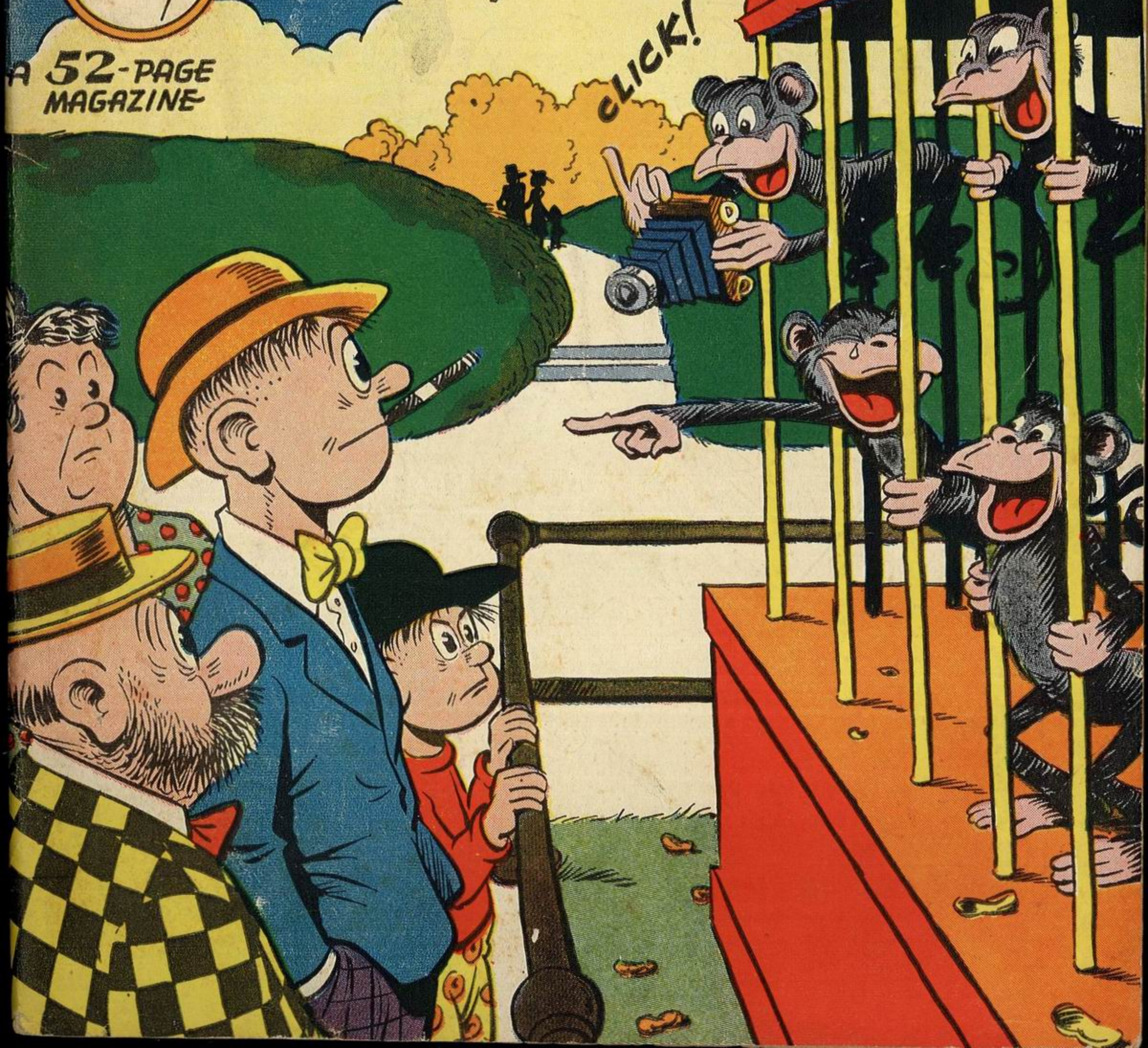
The
COMIC
CHARACTER
READ BY OVER
50 MILLION
WEEKLY!

10¢

by Frank Willard

A 52-PAGE
MAGAZINE

click!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FLASH!

GOOD NEWS!

EXTRA! "THE KILROYS"
NOW PUBLISHED
EVERY MONTH!

Extra Daily News Item
KILROY GOES MONTHLY

... AND EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATELY, THAT
GREAT COMIC,
"THE KILROYS,"
WILL APPEAR
EVERY MONTH!

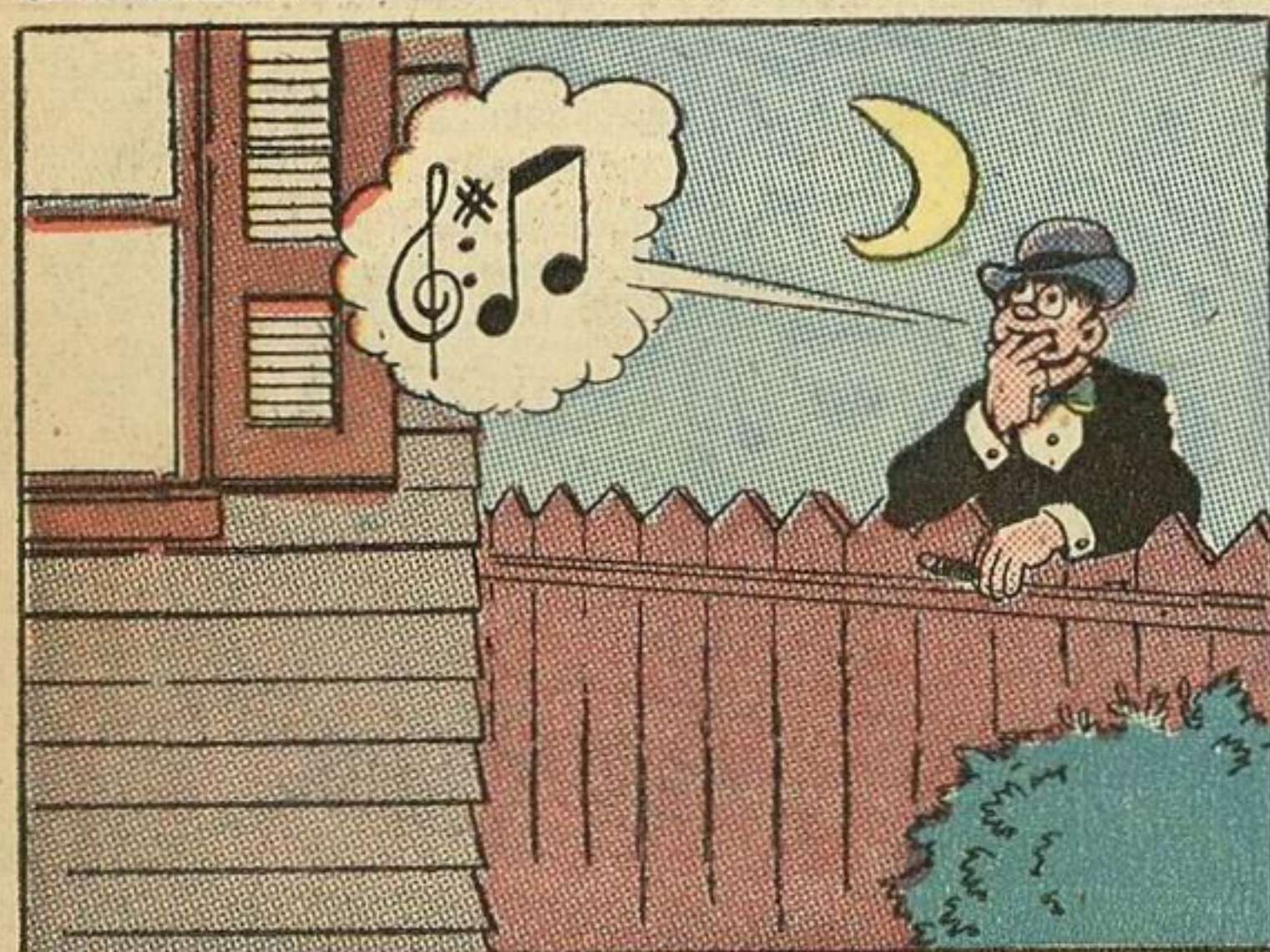
"THE KILROYS," FOLKS...
GREATEST COMICS
MAGAZINE SHOW ON
EARTH! PRESENTED EACH
MONTH FROM NOW ON!

Yes, YOU ASKED FOR IT, BOYS
AND GIRLS... **SO WE'RE BRINGING IT
TO YOU!** IN RESPONSE TO **NATIONWIDE
DEMAND**, YOUR FAVORITE FUN MAGAZINE GOES
ON SALE **EACH AND EVERY MONTH FROM NOW ON!**

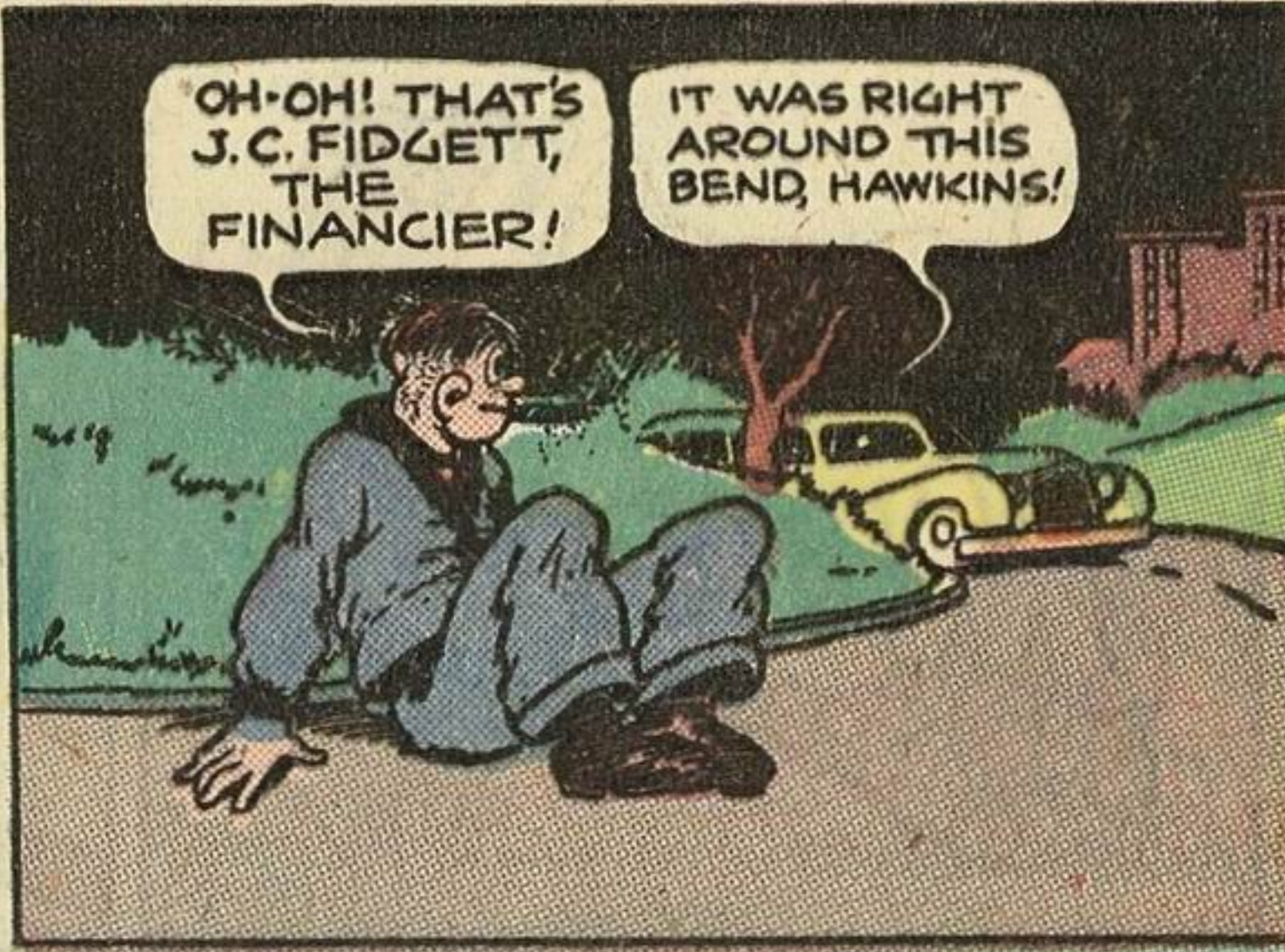
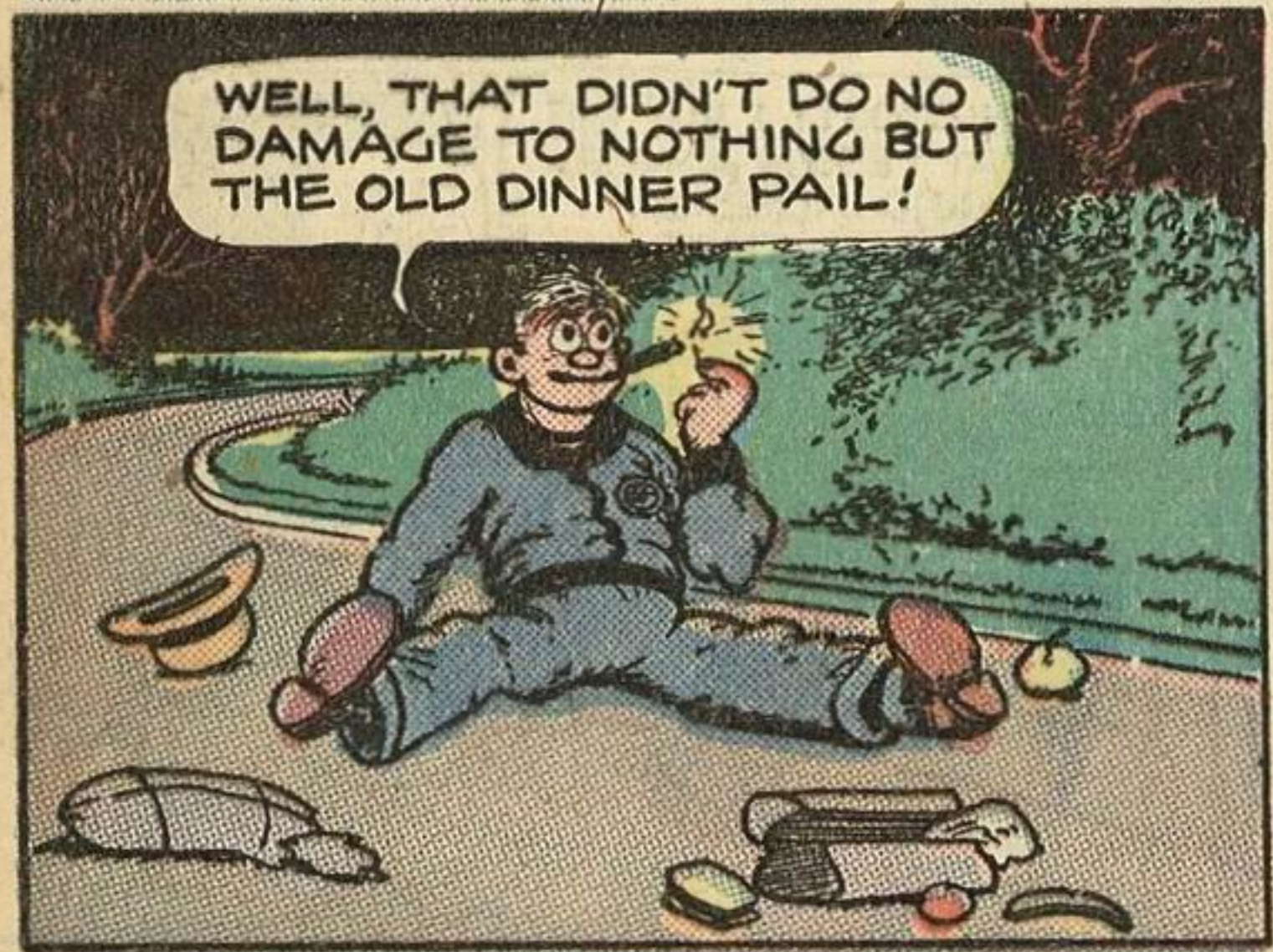
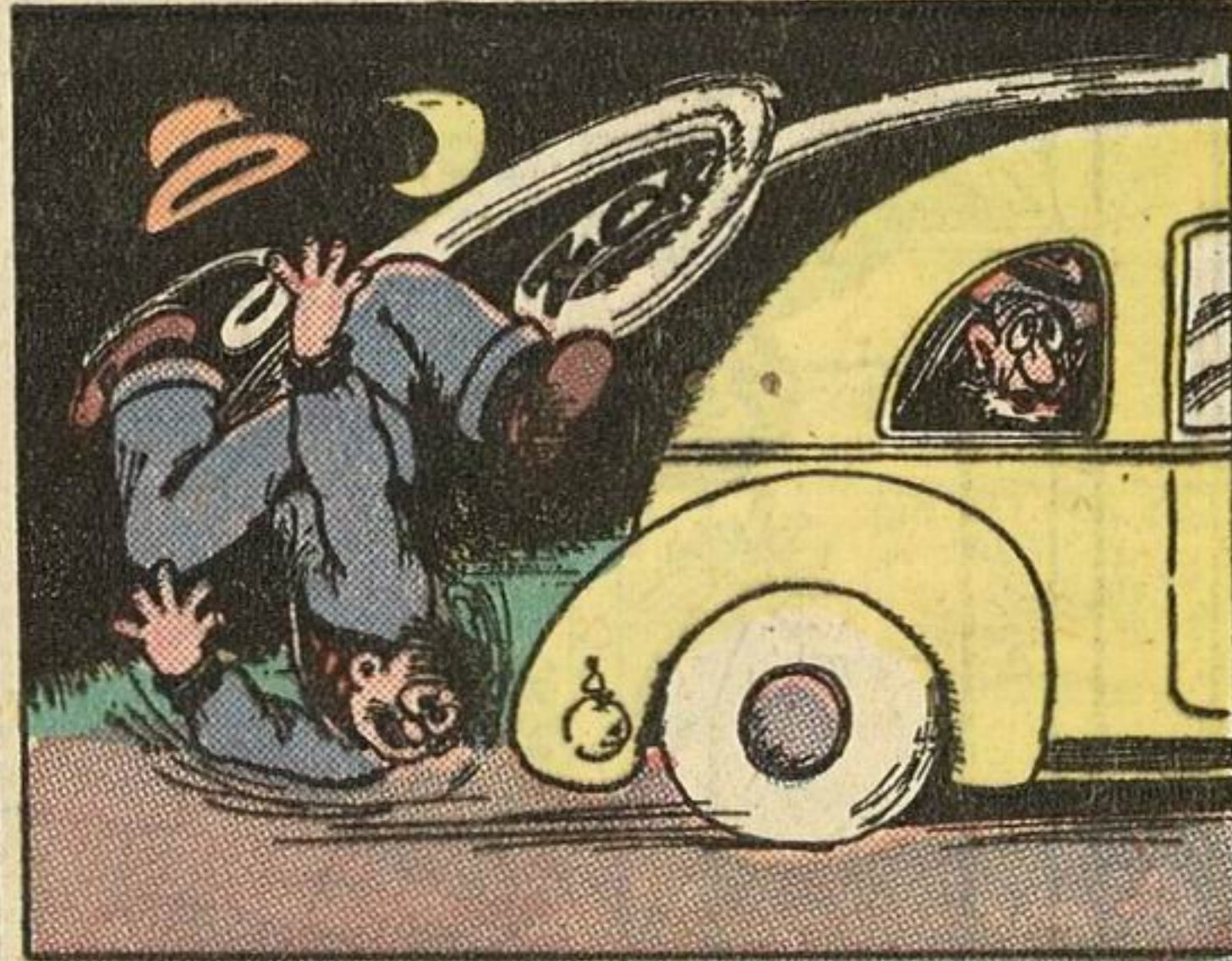
So...twice as many laughs as before!

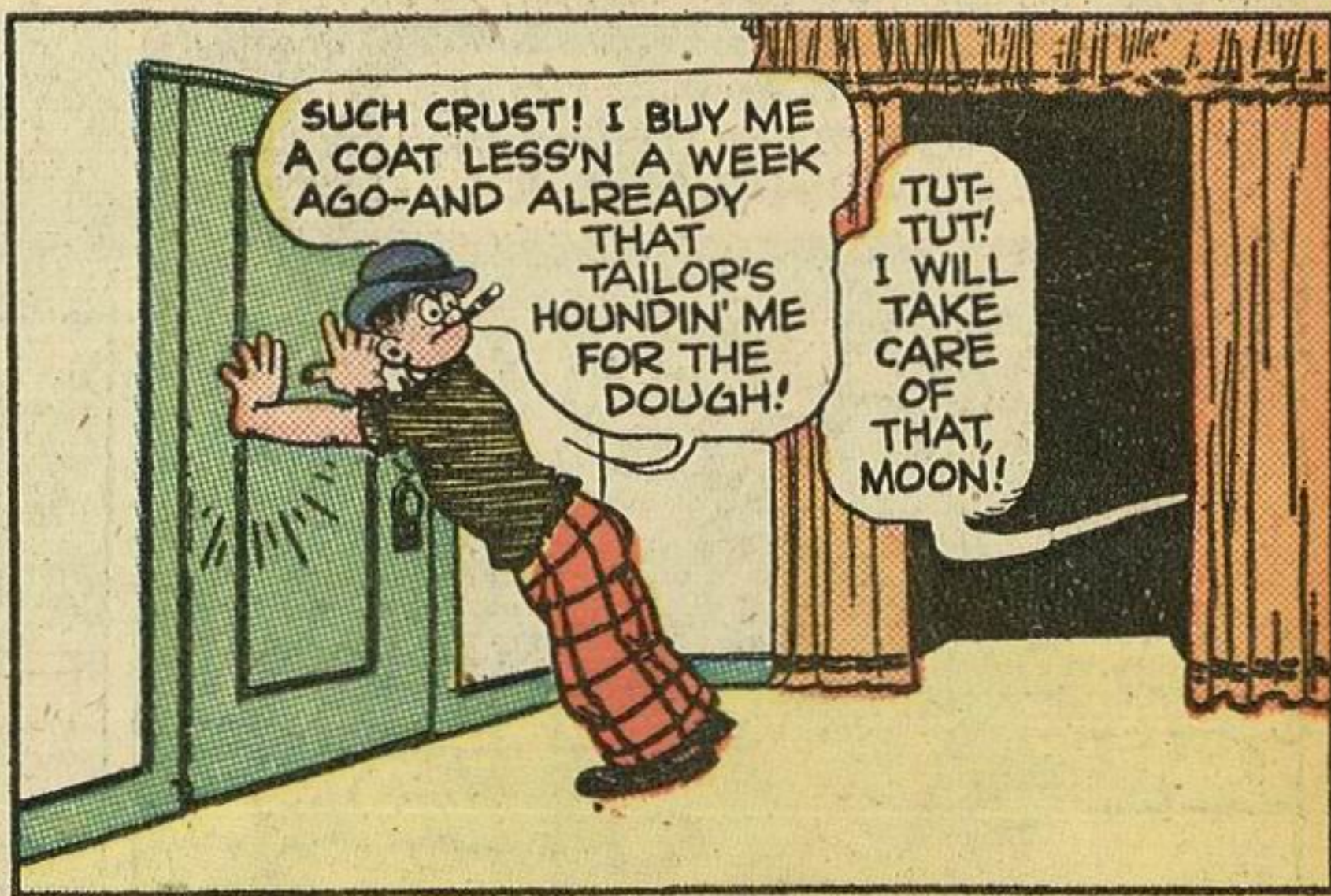
TWICE AS MUCH JOY AND MERRIMENT! FOR THE TEEN-AGE TIME
OF YOUR LIFE, LATCH ON TO **NATCH, JUDY, JACKSON AND KATIE...THE
KEENEST TEENS YOU'VE SEEN!** MAKE A HA-HA HABIT OF
AMERICA'S **FUNNIEST FAMILY**
...**THE KILROYS!** IT'S A BIG
PARADE OF BELLY-LAFFS...ALL
IN THAT GREAT COMICS MAGAZINE
NOW APPEARING **EVERY MONTH!**

g's **The KILROYS**
America's Funniest Family!
...**THE MOST WANTED COMIC
IN HISTORY!**



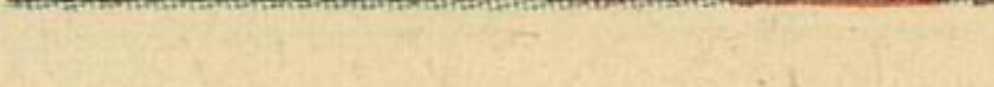
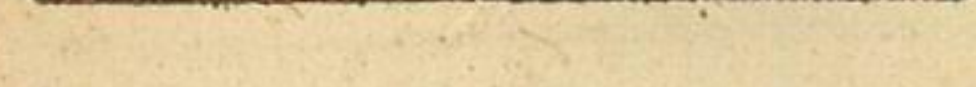






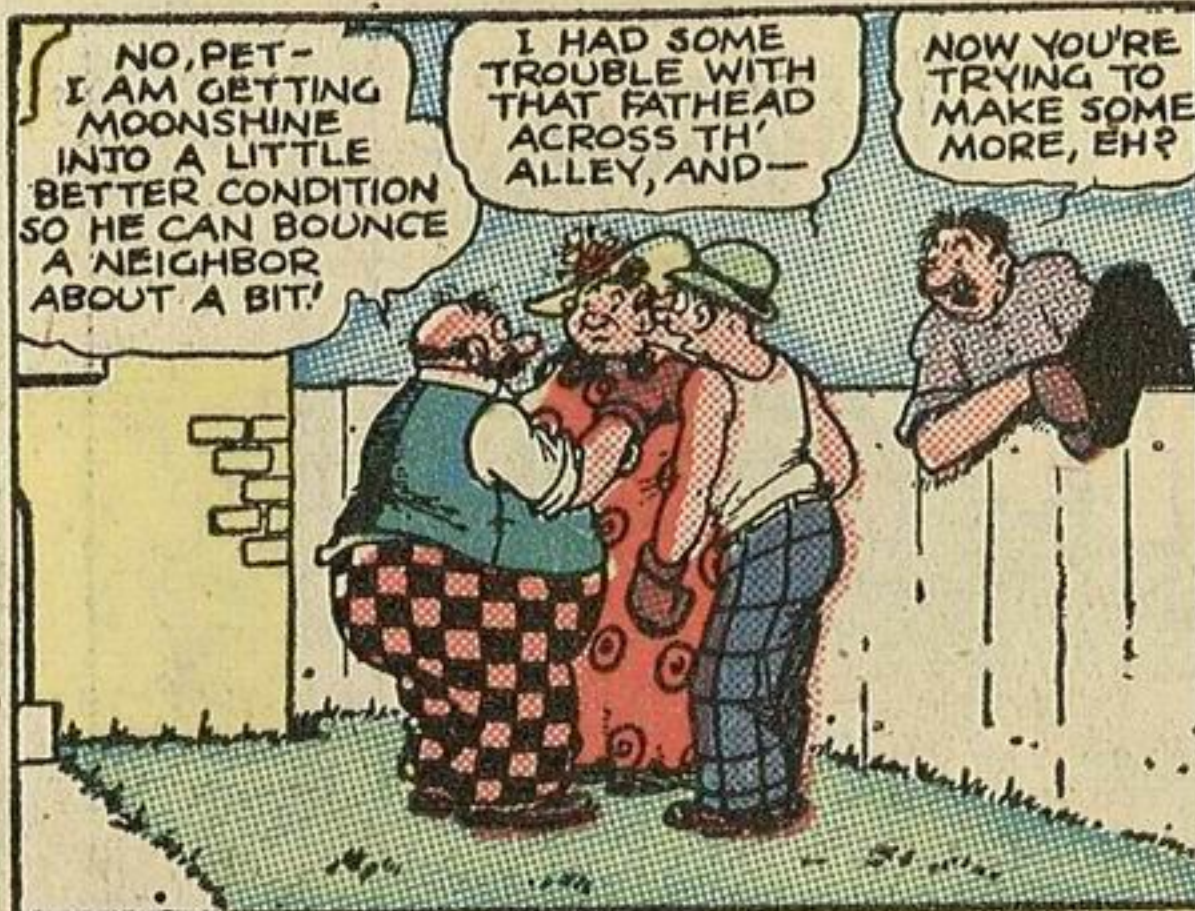
MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



YESSIR... CASTING REFLECTIONS ON MAMIE'S AGE IS **BAD BUSINESS!** AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT... **JUST WATCH WHAT GIVES WITH MOON AND UNCLE WILLIE!**







MOON MULLINS

TH' FOURTH WARD VOTERS' CLUB IS THROWIN' A STAG TONIGHT! FREE EATS, DRINKS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ALL FOR ONLY TWO BUCKS A COPY, UNCLE WILLIE!

WELL, I HAVE GOT EXACTLY FOUR BUCKS WHICH COULD GET US TWO TICKETS, IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE A WAY TO GET OUT TO NIGHT!



HEY! THAT'S MY PIG BANK!

PIG BANKS AIN'T GOOD FOR KIDS, KAYO! I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGIN' KIDS TO BE MISERS!



AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGIN' GROWN-UPS TO BE BANK-ROBBERS!

ANY WAY, ALL I WANTED WAS TO BORRY A DIME TO BUY YOU A PRESENT!



YOU SHALL SEE, KAYO - COME ON TO THE DIME STORE WITH ME AND YOU SHALL SEE!

WELL, WOT IS IT?



HEY! LOOK AT WOT ME BRUDDER MOON BOUGHT ME - A JIG-SAW PUZZLE!



YES, SIR! AND I PERSONALLY OFFERS A CASH PRIZE OF TWO BUCKS TO TH' FIRST ONE WHICH WORKS IT!

OUTTA MY WAY, WILLIE!

AW-I SAW IT FIRST!

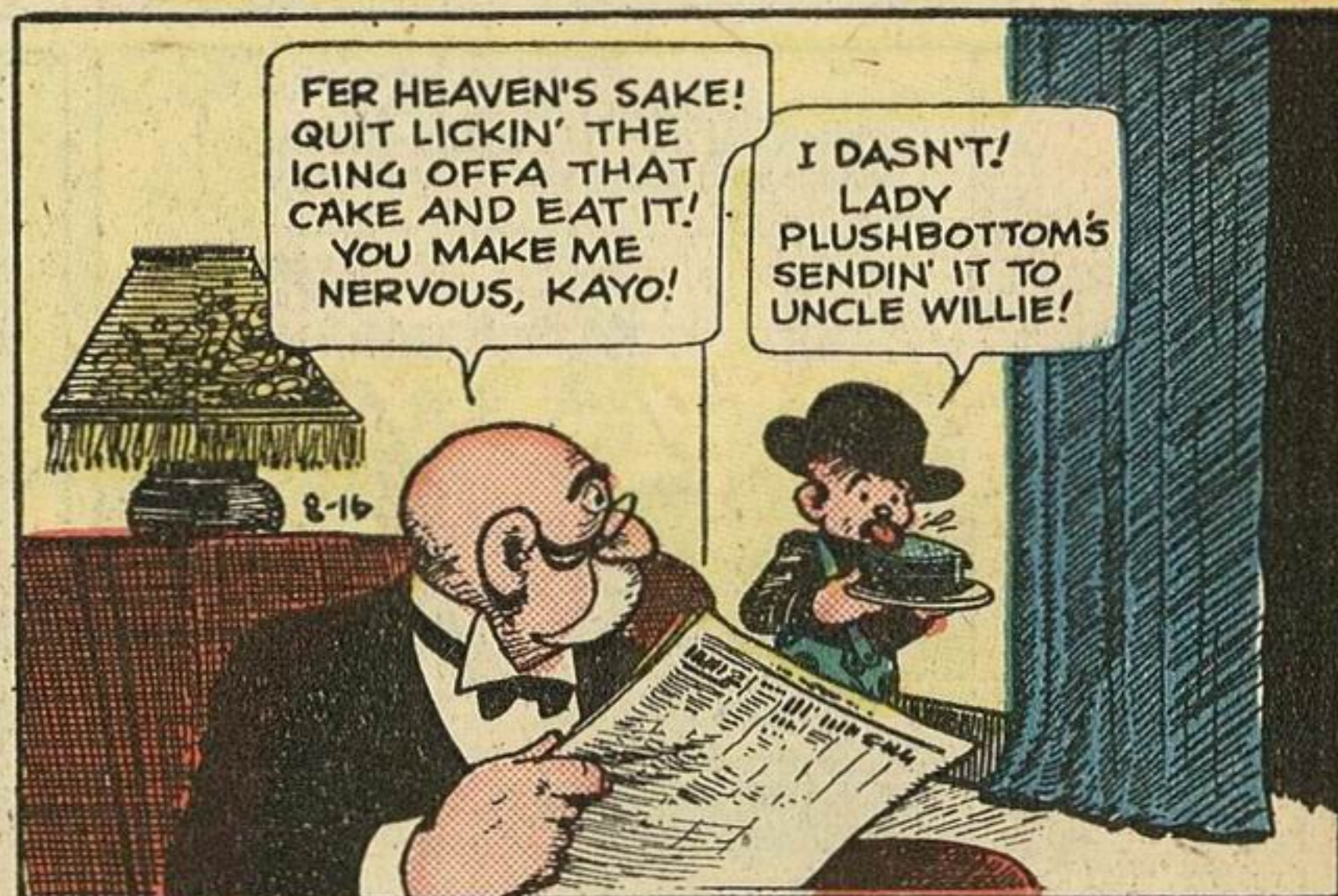
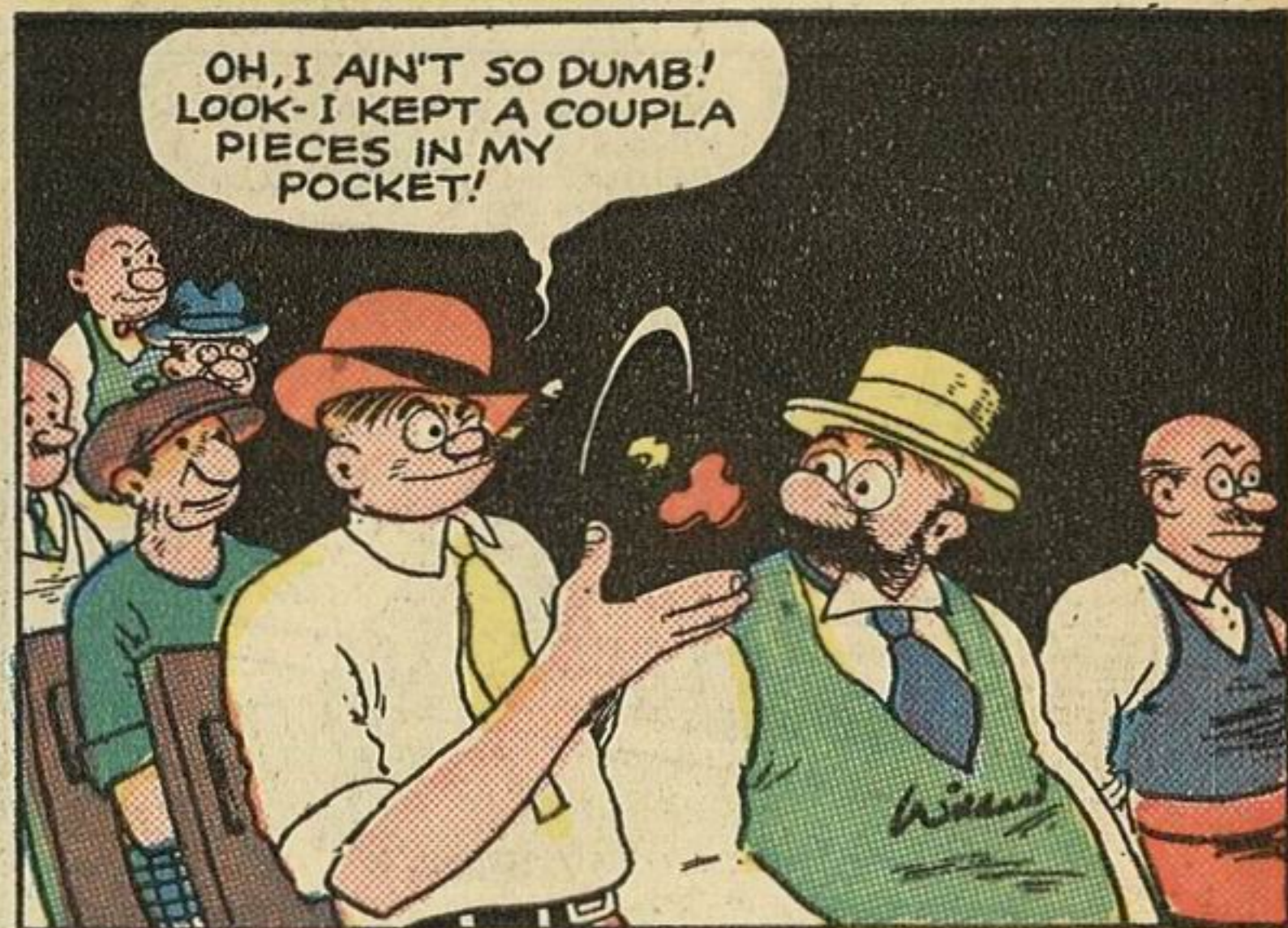
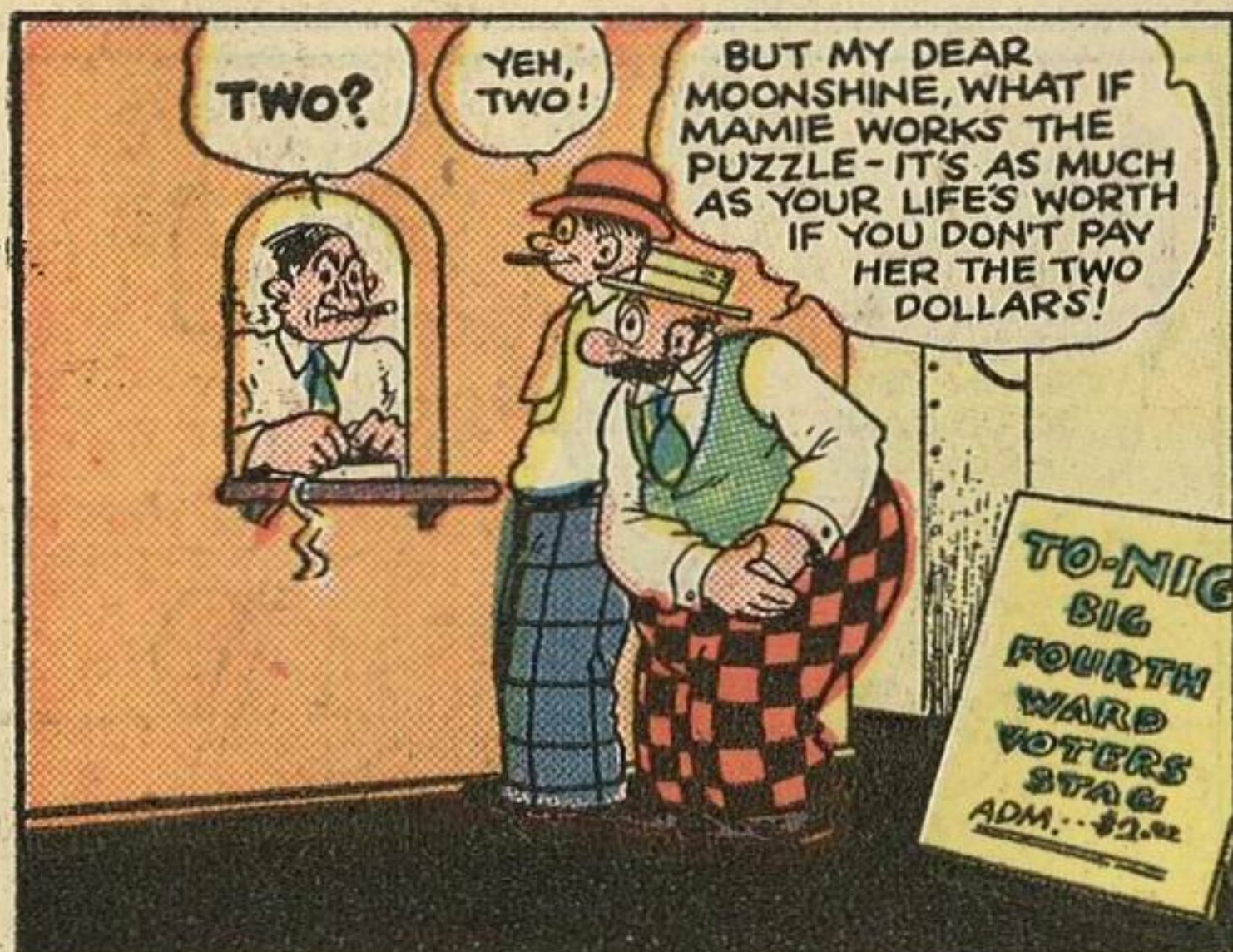


THIS PIECE GOES THERE!

AND THIS ONE GOES HERE!

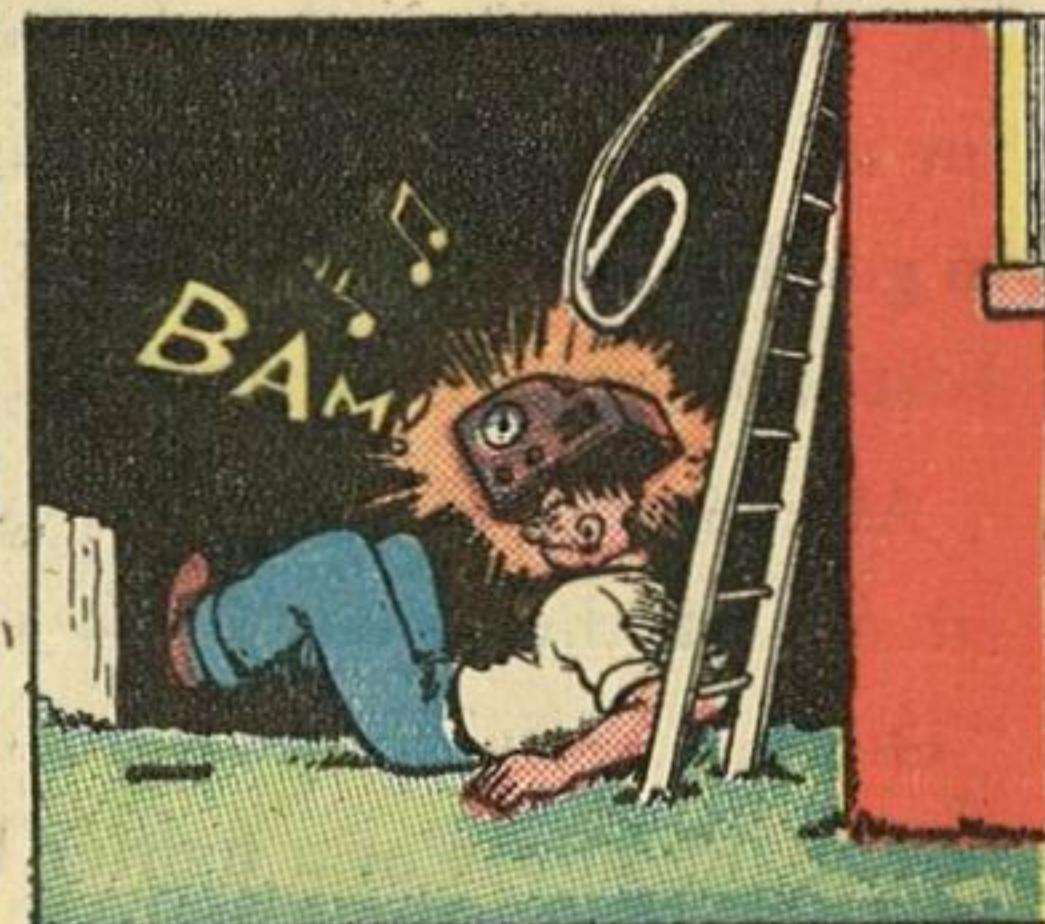
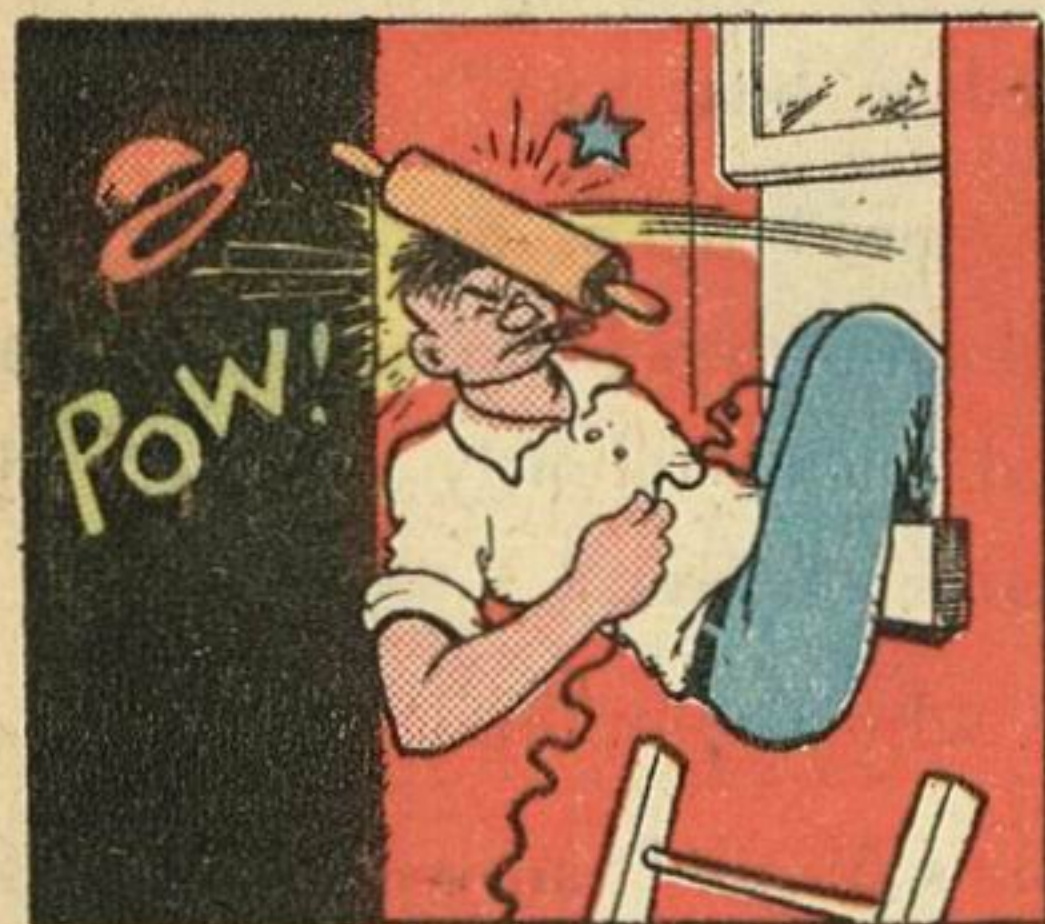
NO, PET-- IT GOES THERE!





MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



Me brudder MOON

KAYO had been in a fight . . . on the losing end! He looked rueful as he gave Moon a blow-by-blow account.

"Then Warty says to me, 'Yeah?' So I says to him, 'Yeah!' Then Warty says, 'Iz-zatso?' So I says, 'Yeah!' So he slugs me!"

Moon tilted his derby to a belligerent angle. "Then what?" he asked Kayo.

"I throw a fast right . . . but not far enough. Warty slugs me again. I throw a left. He slugs me again. By this time, I'm gettin' sore, so I warns him!"

"Whaddaya mean?" Moon demanded.

"I told 'im about you! I says, 'Me brudder, Moon, is a terror—an' I take after him!' He says, 'Me big brudder Monk kin lick yer brudder, Moon!' I says . . ."

"All right, I get it," Moon interrupted, rising. He thrust his chest out, took a fighting stance and pranced about the room for an instant, shadow-boxing. "Okay, I'm in good shape," he decided. "Where is he? Just show me where he lives. I'll *kill* 'im!"

Affection lit Kayo's good eye as he pointed out of the window towards the alley. "There," he said. He watched Moon start out of the house as a fighter leaves his corner when the bell sounds. "Me brudder, Moon," he said lovingly.

Just five minutes later, the door burst open again, and Moon sped into the house. His derby was mashed in and he had a face to match. "Arnica! Smellin' salts! Iodine!" he shouted to Kayo. "Don't just sit there . . . do somethin'!"

"Gee, Moon, yer sure banged up," Kayo said tenderly. "I'd like ta see what you did to the other guy!"

"I couldn't get close enough ta see the color of the guy's shirt," Moon winced as he applied iodine to his wounded chin. "Uppercuts, roundhouses, haymakers an' a couple I never even heard of! That guy's a killer! Why din'tcha tell me he was so tough? I never wanna tangle wid him again, believe . . . answer the door, Kayo!"

When Kayo opened the door at the insistent demand of the buzzer, his good eye widened. "Hey," he said weakly, "what're you doin' here? I thought . . . I mean . . ."

The new visitor didn't stop for conversation. He simply launched about two hundred pounds of muscle at Moon, demanding, "Are you this kid's big brudder which I'm supposed to beat up?"

Moon staggered back, as he surveyed the powerful shoulders looming above him. He staggered more violently as a horrible suspicion came to him.

"Who . . . who're you, bud?" he choked.

"Me name's Monk," answered the visitor, cracking his knuckles.

"Then . . . then who was the guy I just . . ."

"Oh, him? That was me *kid* brudder, Warty. And I'm his *big* brudder, Monk. Get it?"

Moon got it!

MOON MULLINS

GEE! LADY PLUSHBOTTOM'S ENTERTAININ' HER LADIES' CLUB WITH "PRESTO, THE MAGICIAN" AND ICE CREAM AND CAKE, KITTY!

THE HECK WITH THE LADIES AND "PRESTO"! SHOW ME THE ICE CREAM AND CAKE!



MY FIRST WONDERFUL TRICK, MY DEAR FRIENDS, IS HOW TO MAKE ZE CHICKEN!



FIRST BREAK ZE EGG INTO ZOMETHEENG! YOUR HUSBON'S HAT WILL DO!



ZEN COVER ZE HAT WEETH ZE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF!



WHAT? OH, YOU WORRY ABOUT ZE EGG?

OH!

OH!

OH!

OH!
OH!



PRESTO! EET IS A CHICKEN!



AH!

AH!

MARVELOUS!

WONDERFUL!

UH!

AH!



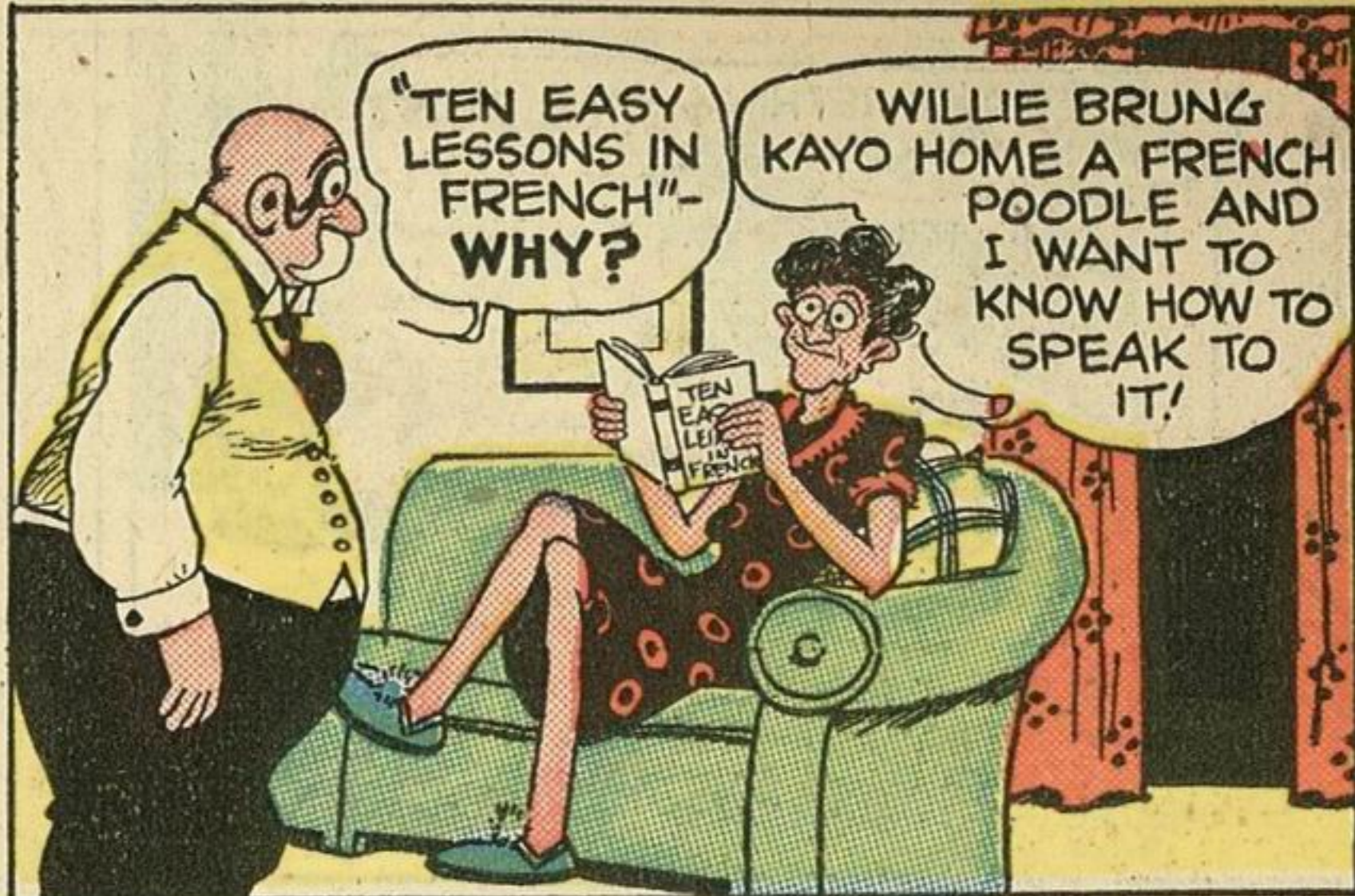
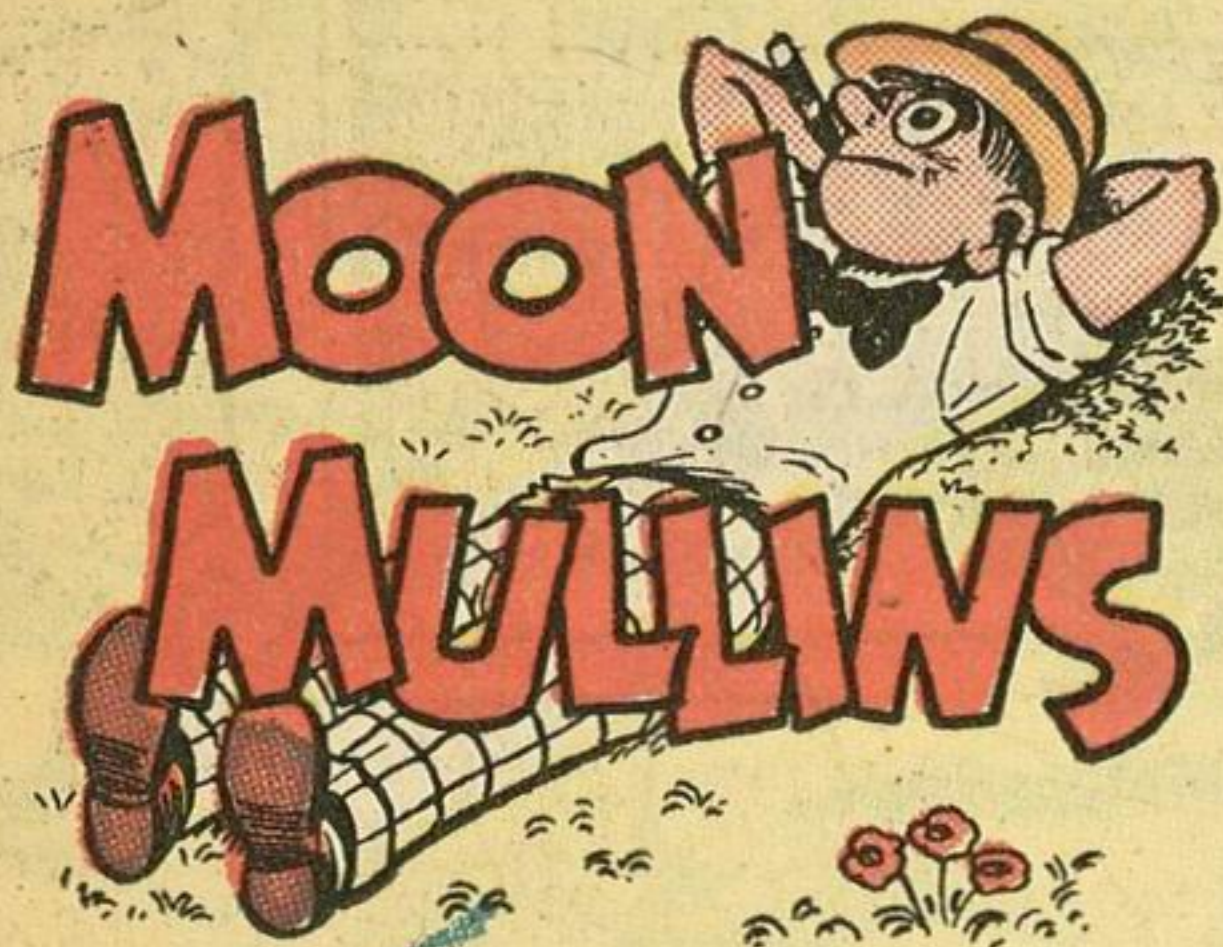
GEE! THAT MAN IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

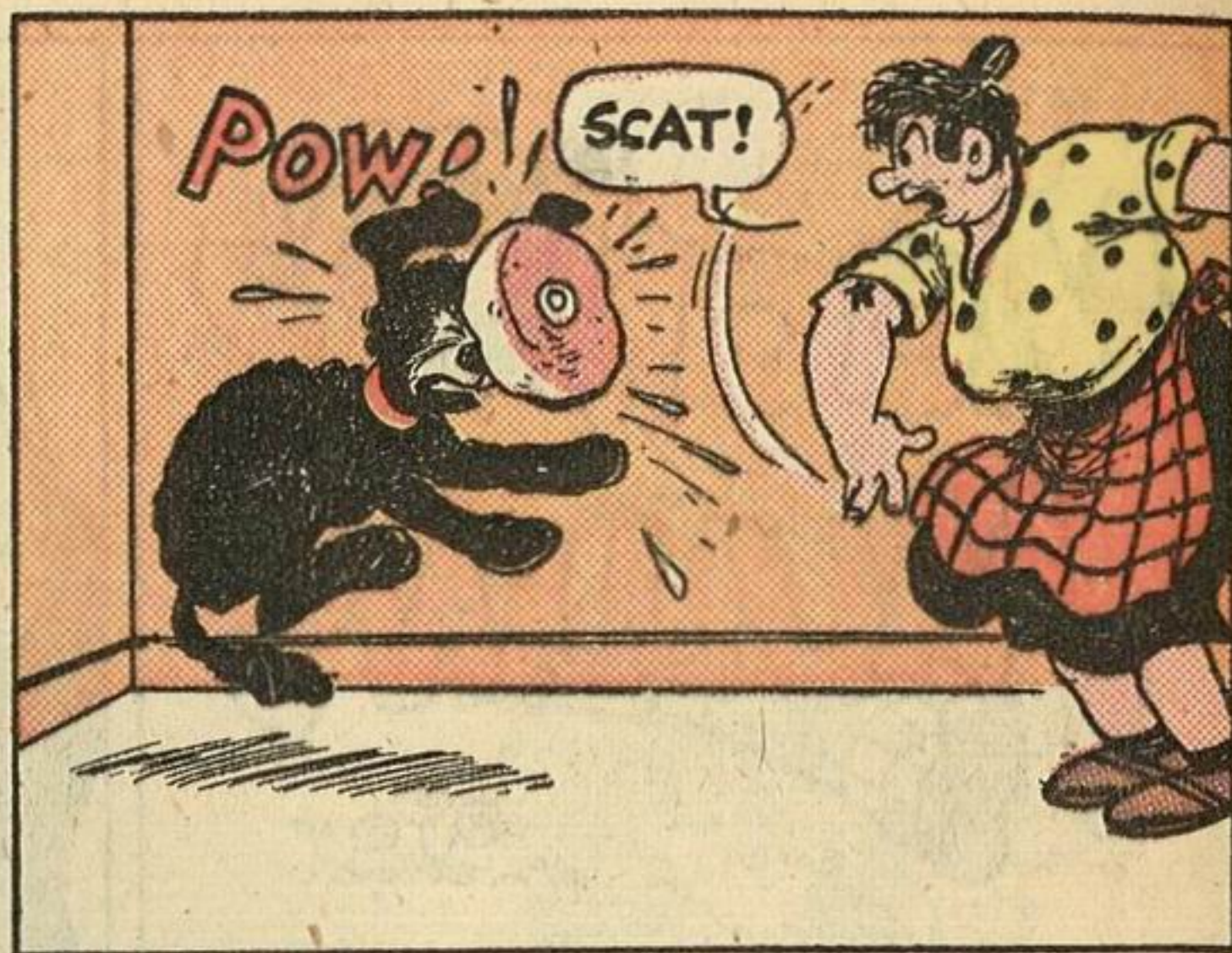
POOEY! I THINK THE GUY'S A FAKE! GO GET ME HIS HAT!





MOON MULLINS





MOON MULLINS

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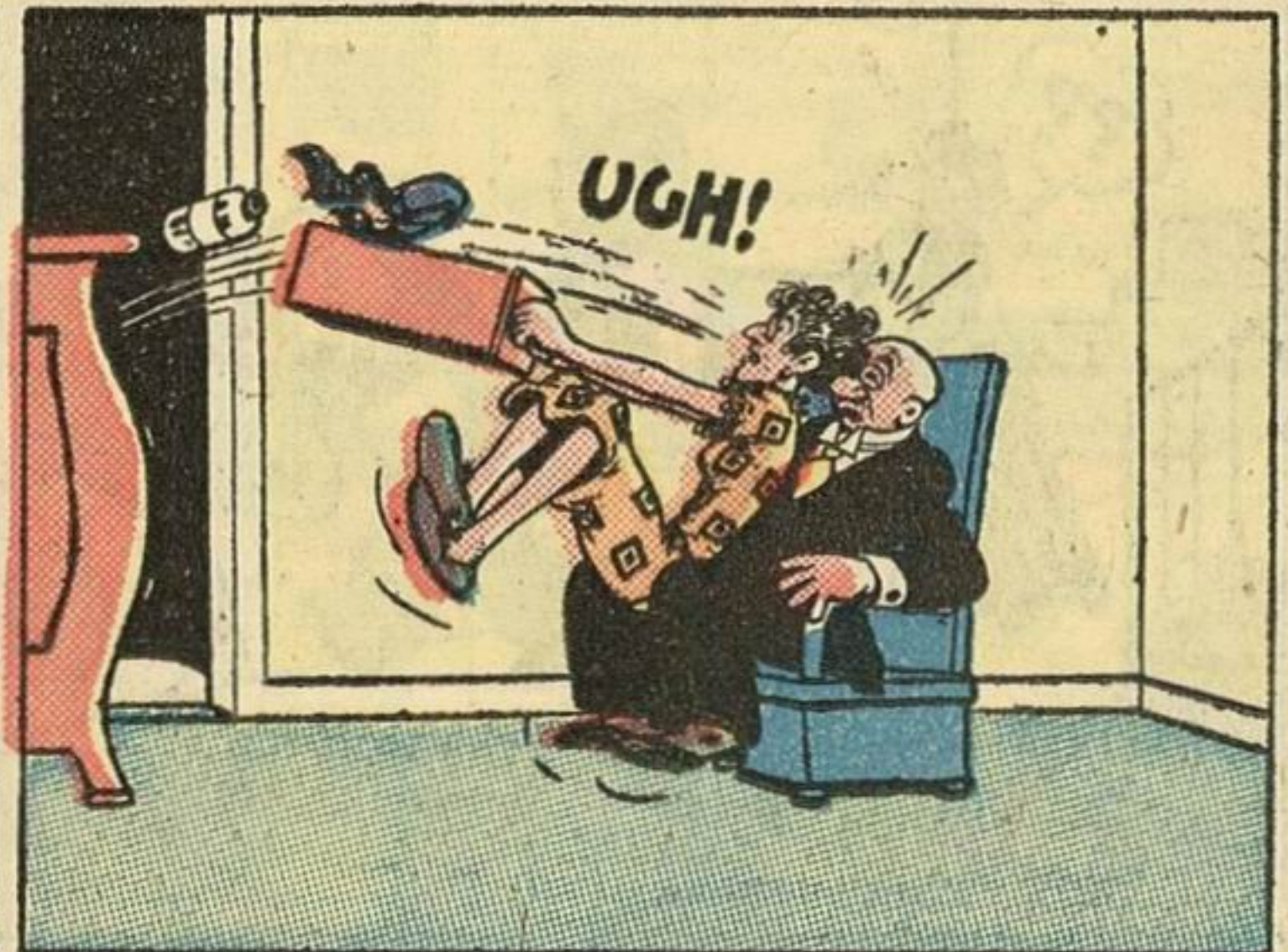
I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND THIS ROOM PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL, MR. BITTERS!

JITTERS IS THE NAME! J. T. JITTERS! WELL, I HOPE THAT MY WIFE WILL LIKE IT HERE, LADY PLUSHBOTTOM!



THIS DRAWER ALWAYS SORTA STICKS= I MAY HAVE TO GET A CROWBAR TO PRY IT OPEN!

LET ME DO IT!



UGH!



WELL, I'LL BE— WHO'S TH' BOY FRIEND, EMMY?



KAYO, THIS IS MR. JITTERS, OUR NEW BOARDER— NOW, WHILE I GO DO THE MARKETING, YOU HELP MR. JITTERS UNPACK HIS BAGGAGE!

THE LAST GUY I HELPED UNPACK ONLY GIMME A DIME— CAN YA BEAT A CHEAP SKATE LIKE THAT... ONLY A DIME!



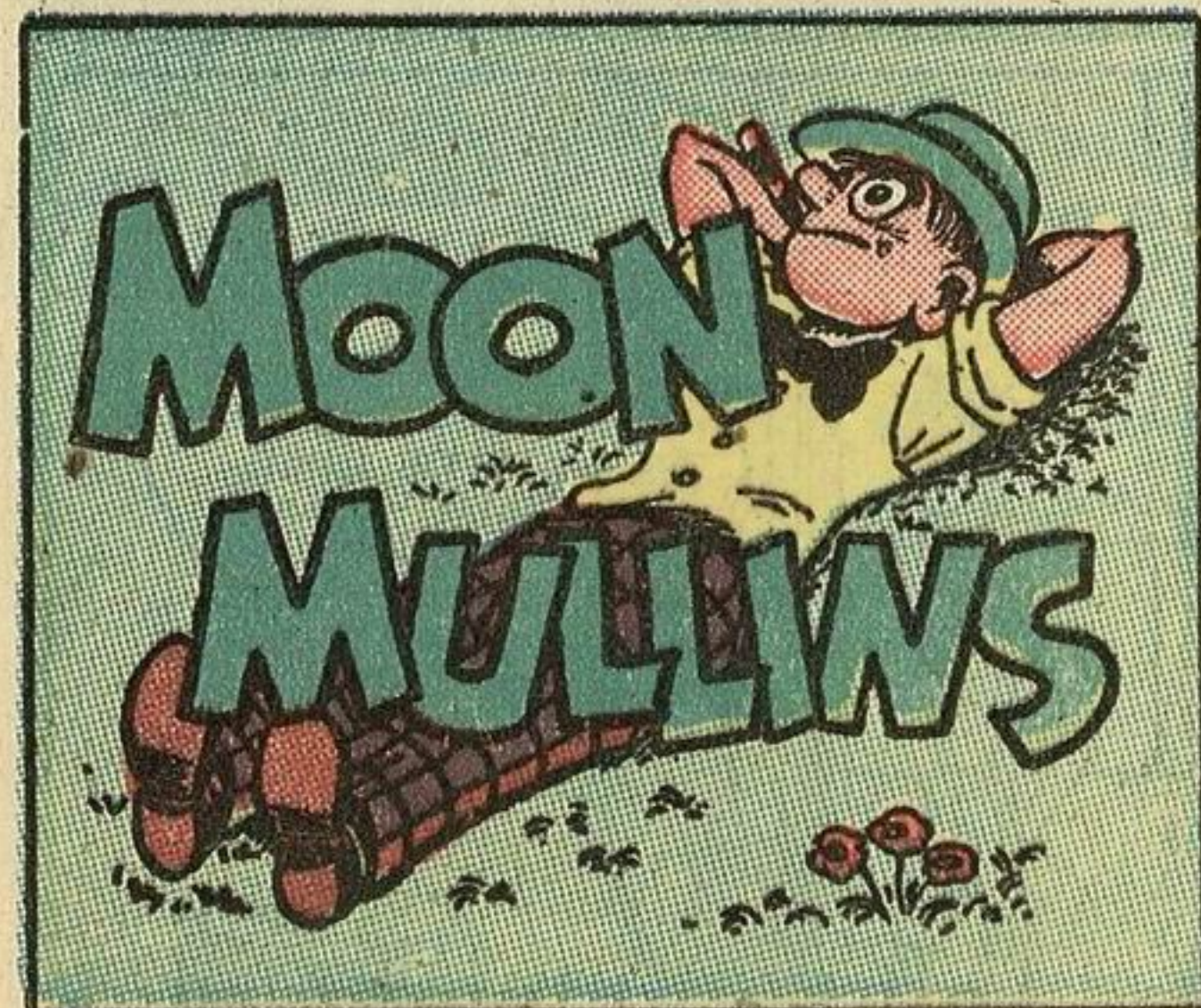
GEE, EMMY MUSTA GOT THROUGH HER MARKETING PRETTY QUICK-- I HEAR HER STUMBLING IN DOWNSTAIRS!

NO-- I THINK IT IS MY WIFE COMING IN, KAYO!



WELCOME TO OUR NEW HOME SWEET HOME, SWEETHEART— HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S TERRIBLE!



MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



Gentleman

WILLIE

“YA clumsy baboon! Ya hooligan! Where’s yer manners?” demanded Mamie, knocking her husband’s hat off his head. “Hommany times do I hafta tell ya?”

For Willie, this was the last straw. Mamie had been criticizing his manners for months and he was beginning to feel pretty low. So low, in fact did Willie feel, that he cornered Lord Plushbottom that very evening and begged his help.

“Manners? Etiquette, behaviour? Yes indeed, William, you’ve come to the right teacher,” Lord Plushbottom assured him. “In no time at all, I’ll make a gentleman of you . . . I think!”

“T’anks,” beamed Willie, gratitude in his voice.

All that week, Willie attended his secret class in manners with Lord Plushbottom. He learned to tip his hat when a lady went by, to distinguish between knives, forks and spoons, to turn a pretty compliment and a host of other accomplishments.

“All right, William, you’ll do,” Lord Plushbottom said to him one evening after an hour’s drilling on offering a lady a chair.

“T’anks,” beamed Willie as before. He was bursting with assurance and happiness. “Wait’ll I show Mamie what manners I got,” he thought. “She’ll see for herself what a gent I am!”

Just then, Mamie walked through the hallway to the kitchen door. Fired with his new knowledge, Willie sprang up to open the door for her. Seizing the door-knob, he yanked it with such enthusiasm that the door flew open, catching Mamie smack in the eye!

“Kindly accept me apologies, dear,” Willie offered as he helped his wife to her feet.

“Beat it!” Mamie advised him tersely.

Willie knew that he hadn’t made a good start, but he determined to do better the next day. And, as luck would have it, the next day offered a perfect opportunity. For there was Mamie, alighting from a trolley car . . . and there was Willie, right at the curb

In a trice, he darted towards the trolley steps, holding out an assisting hand. And, in a trice, he stumbled, pulling Mamie off balance, and sending her sprawling to the street.

“Forgive me, dear,” he pleaded.

Mamie looked at him with blood in her eyes. “I’m warnin’ you, Willie,” she snapped briefly.

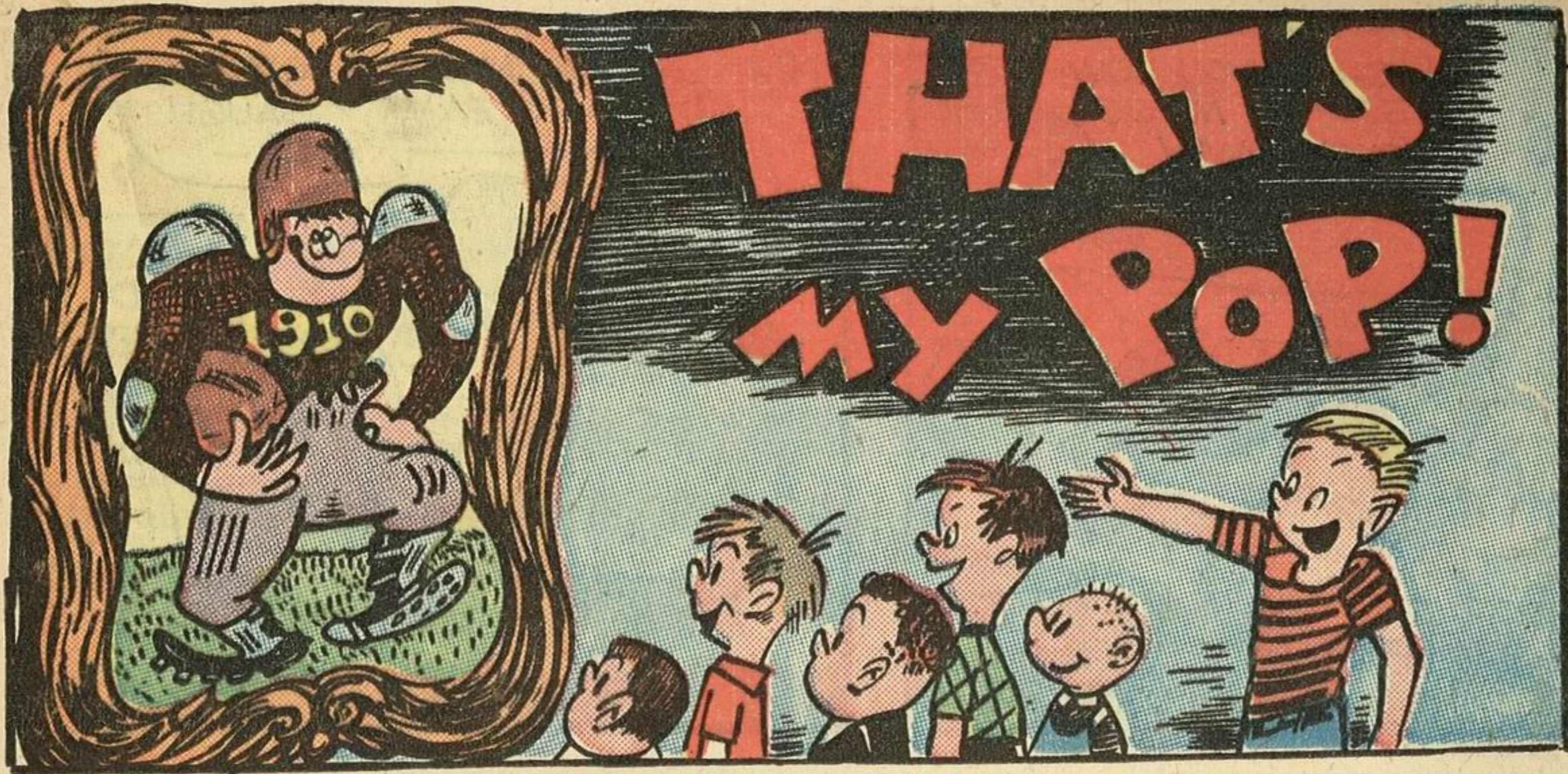
But Willie wouldn’t give up. A few hours later, as he lounged on the front steps of the house, he caught a glimpse of Mamie, lugging a huge laundry basket towards the cellar. “Them little overworked mitts,” he thought tenderly. “She ought’na carry such a load.”

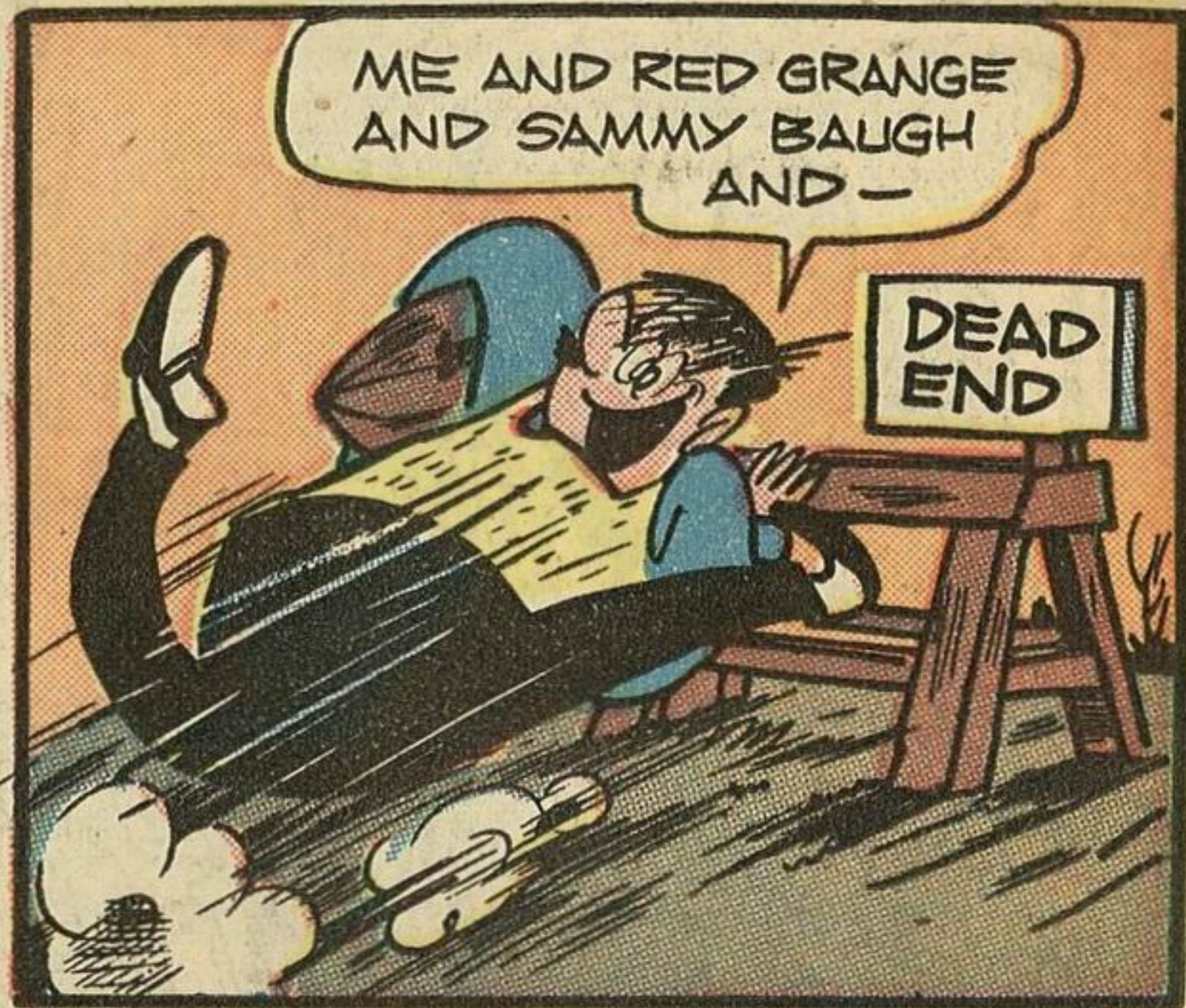
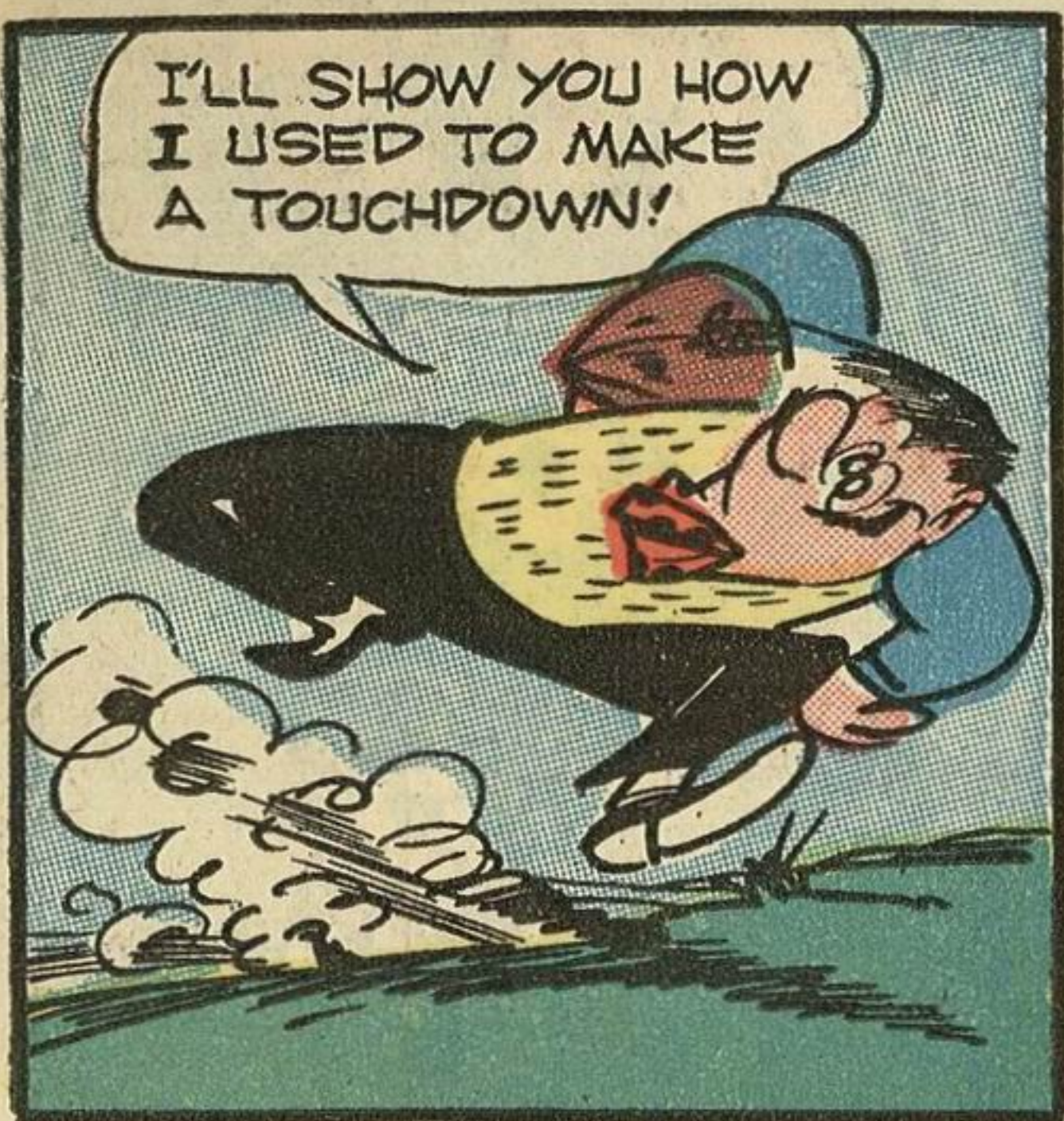
Running after her, with hand outstretched, he called eagerly, “Mamie! Mamie!”

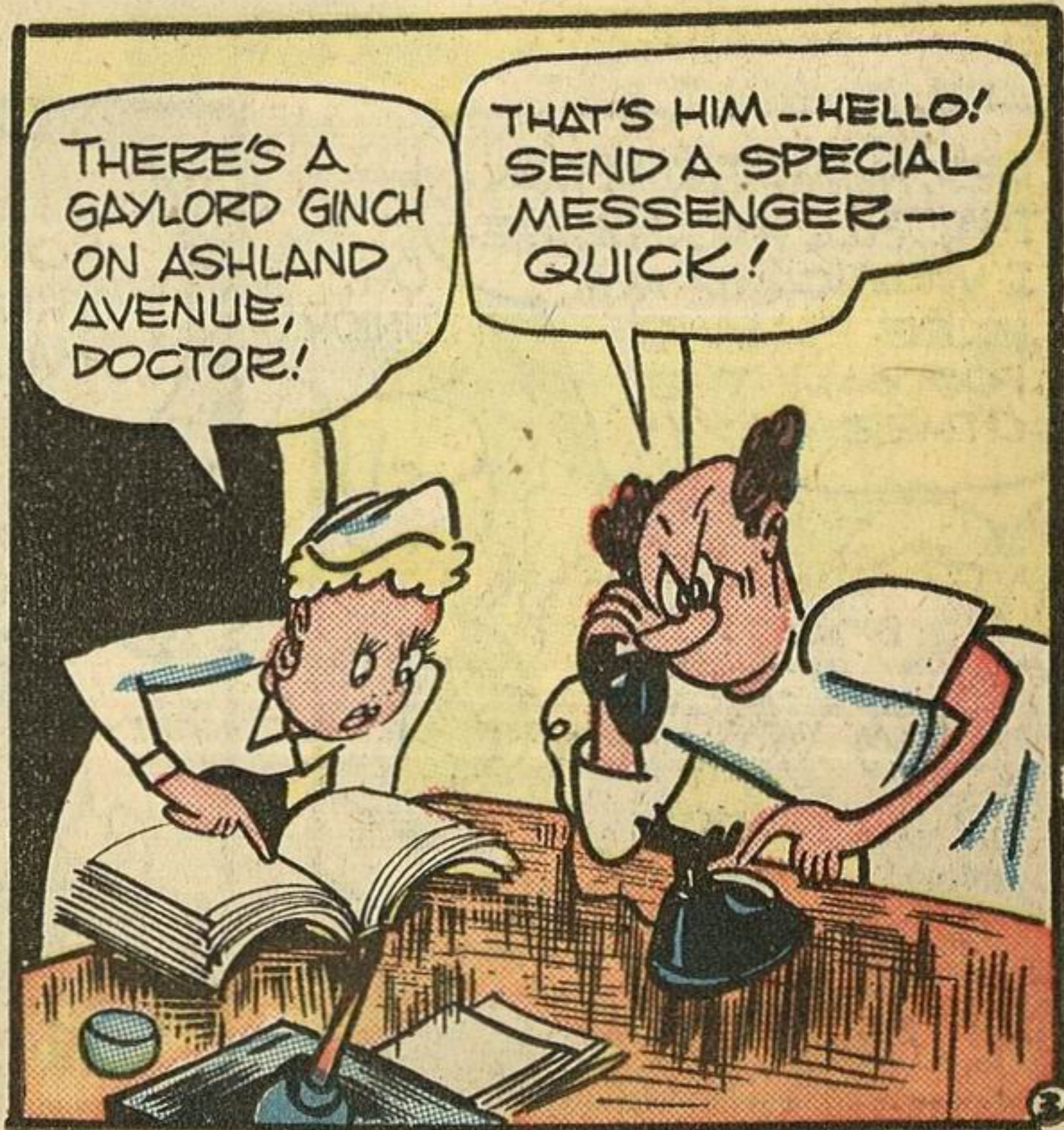
Mamie turned and waited for him to reach her. And when he did . . . *blam!* With no effort at all, she overturned the laundry basket, sending its sopping contents all over Willie’s head!

“I’ve had enough!” she screamed. “It’s oney *self-protection!* You been threatenin’ my life long enough, ya hooligan!”

Willie sighed wistfully.



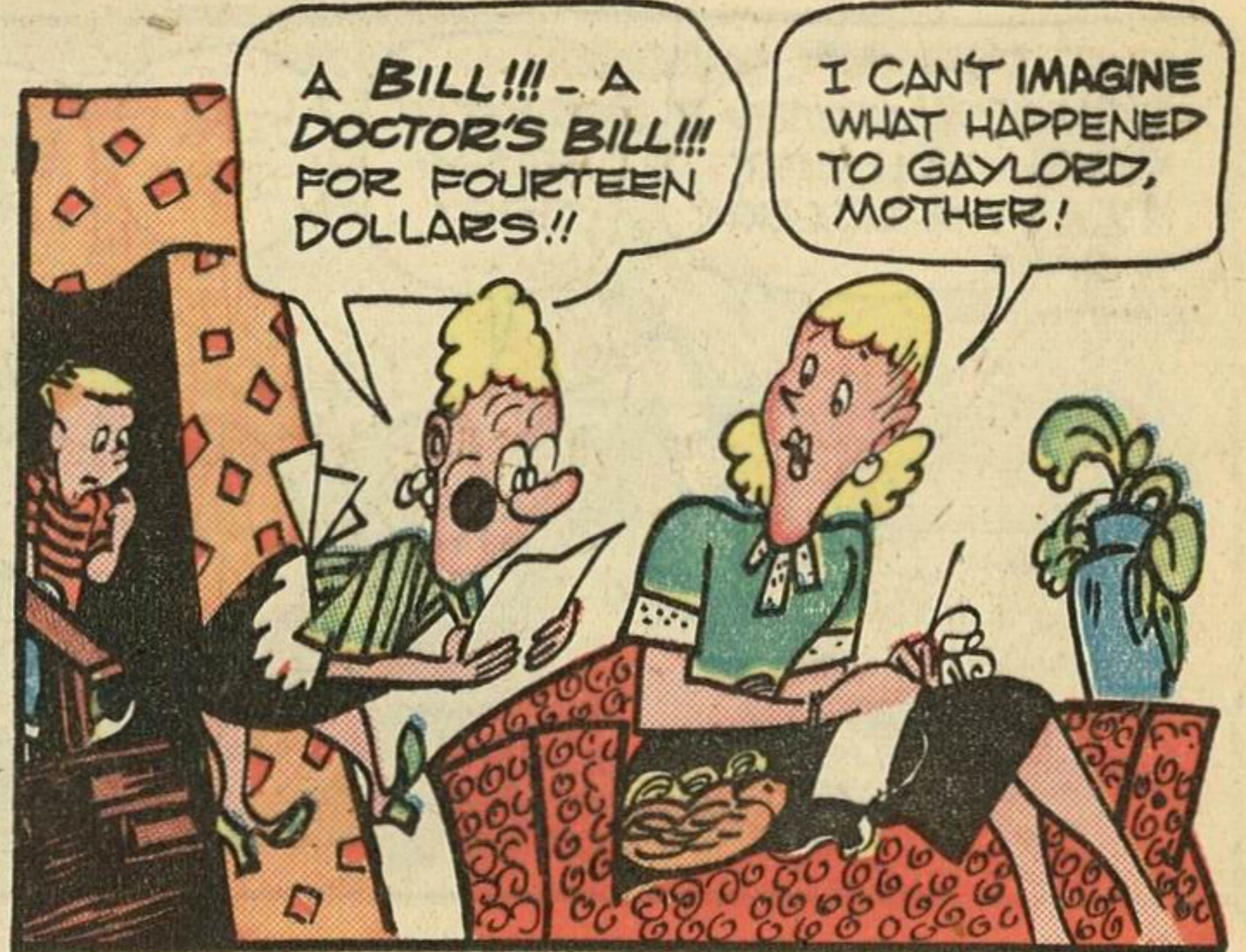






SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR GAYLORD GINCH!

MUST BE A SUMMONS!



A BILL!!! - A DOCTOR'S BILL!!! FOR FOURTEEN DOLLARS!!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENED TO GAYLORD, MOTHER!



PROBABLY GOT BEAT UP IN A FIGHT--BAH! HE KNOWS I'LL HAVE TO PAY!



BUT I WON'T! -AND THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!



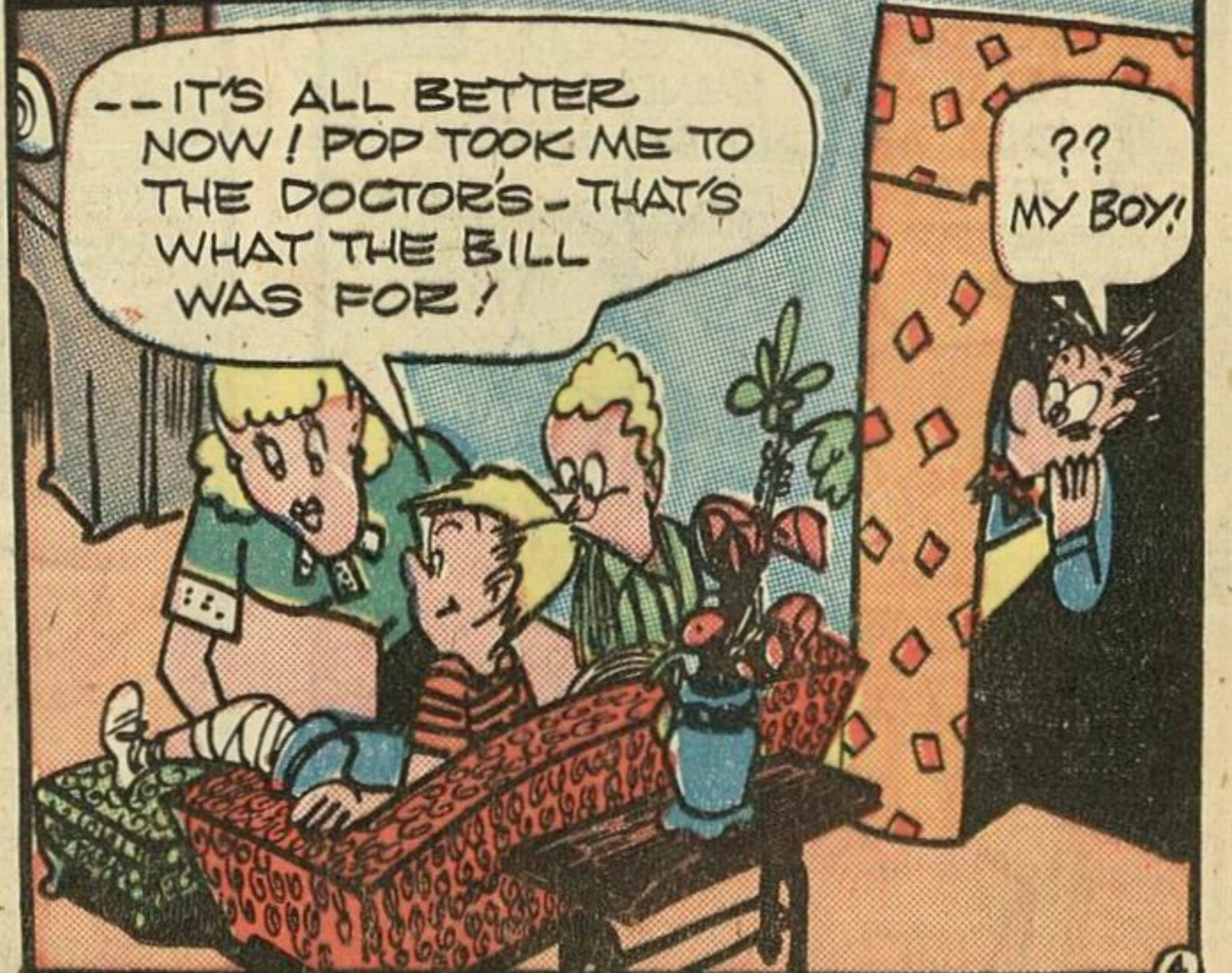
I MEAN IT THIS TIME! OUT HE GOES!! THAT GOOD-FOR-NOTHING HUSBAND OF YOURS!

GOSH!



HEY, MOM- GRANDMA-- THAT BILL WAS FOR ME! I' WRENCHED MY KNEE PLAYING FOOTBALL THE OTHER DAY!

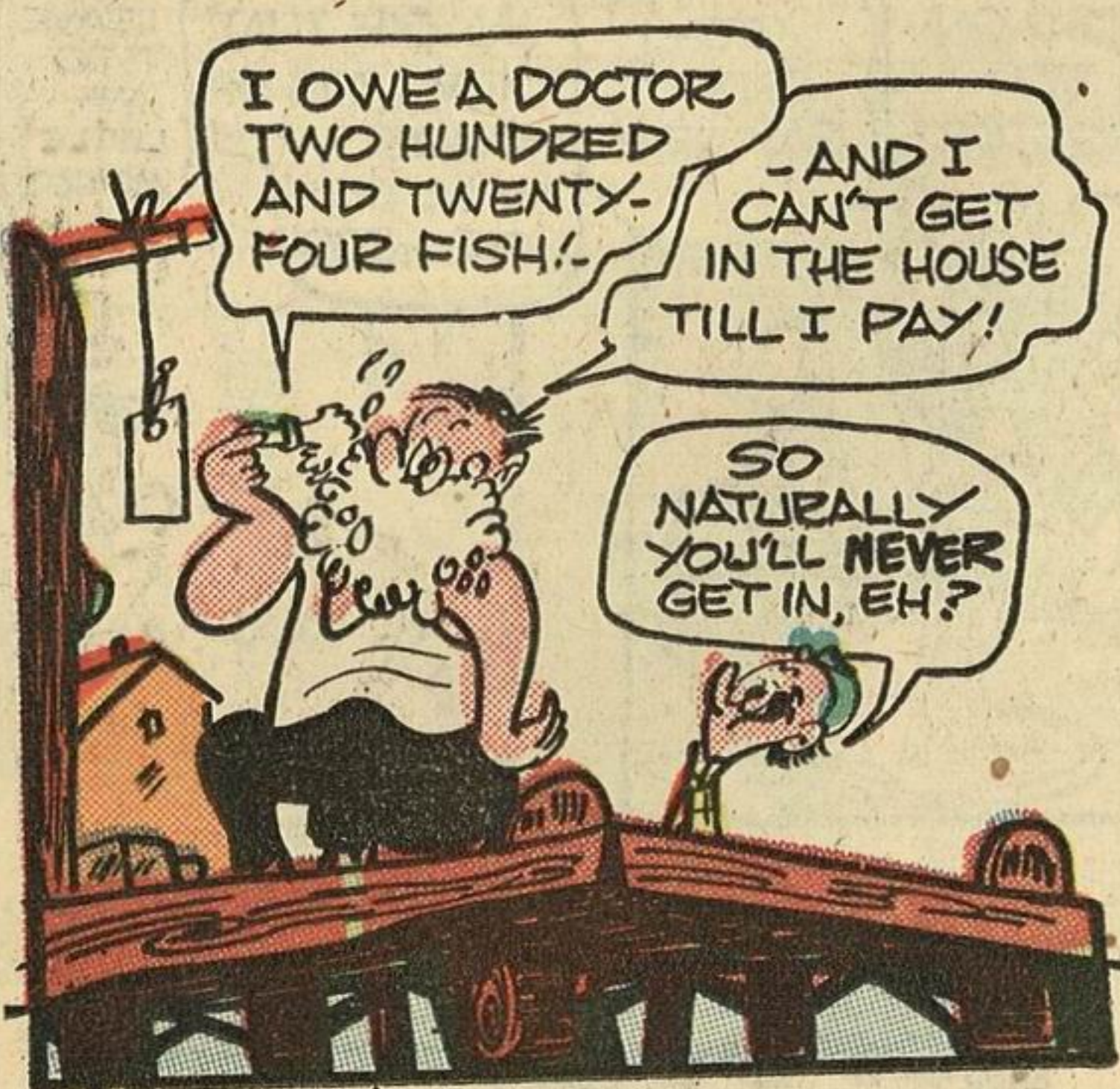
OH, JUNIOR!

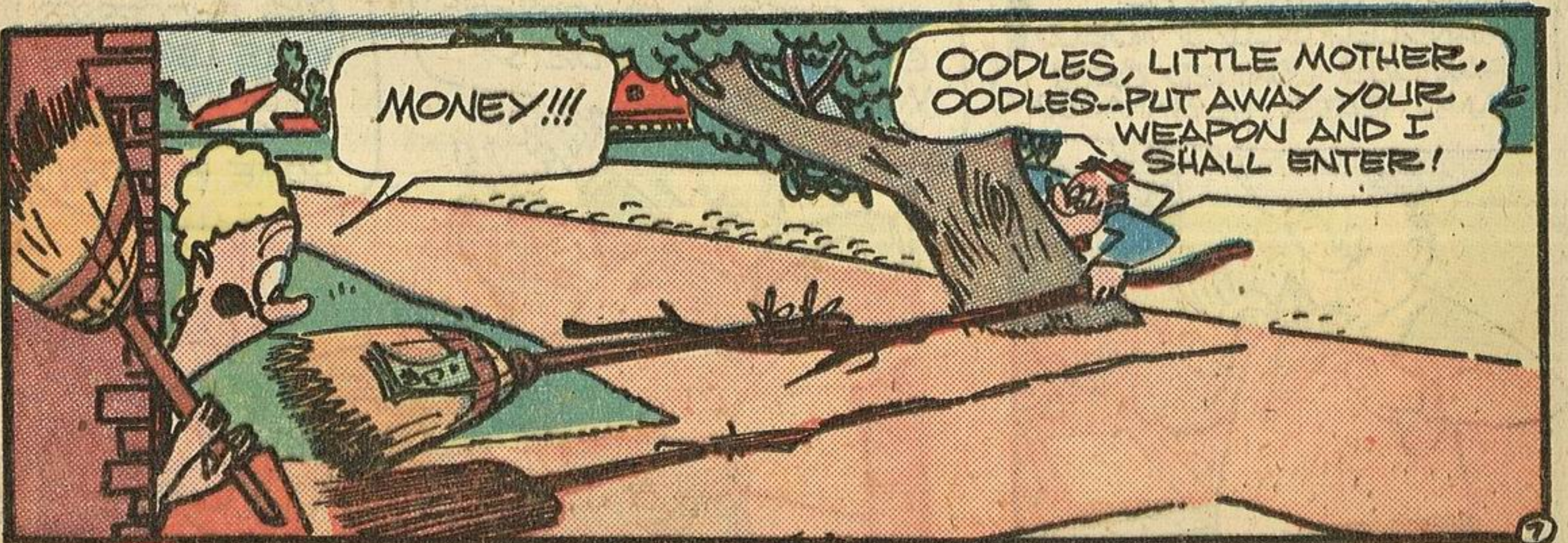
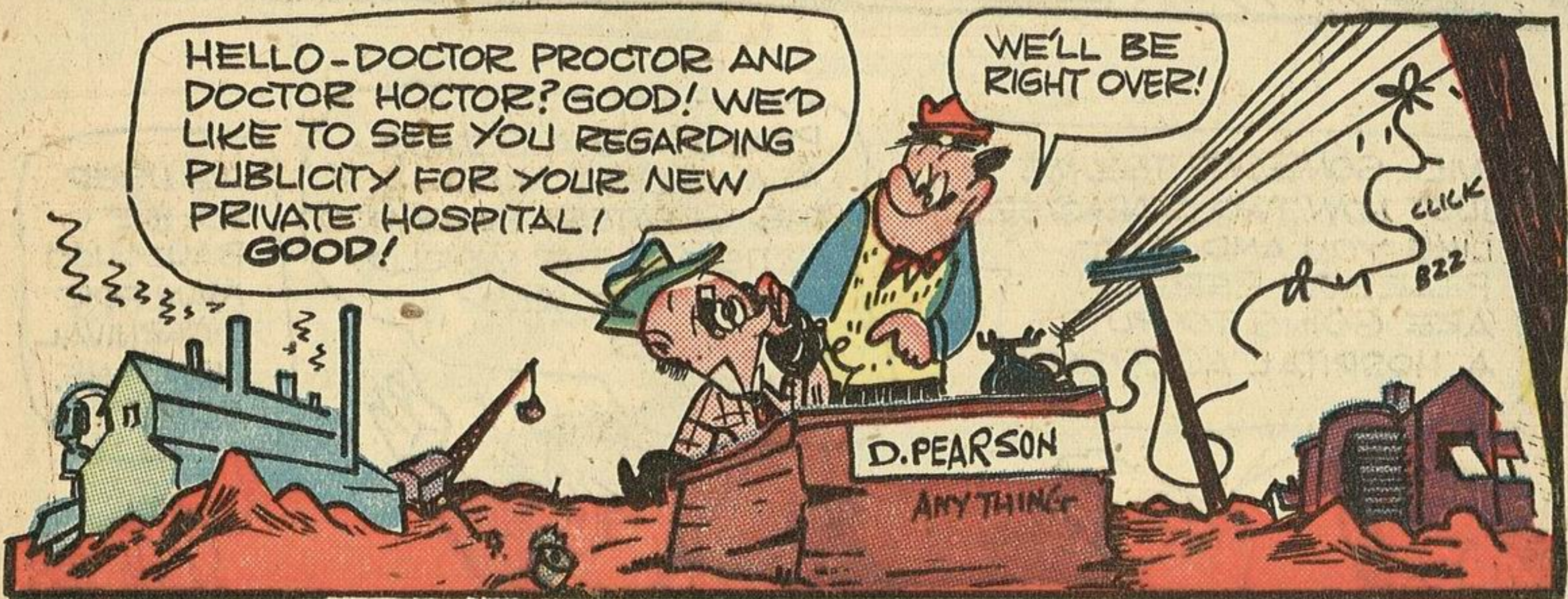


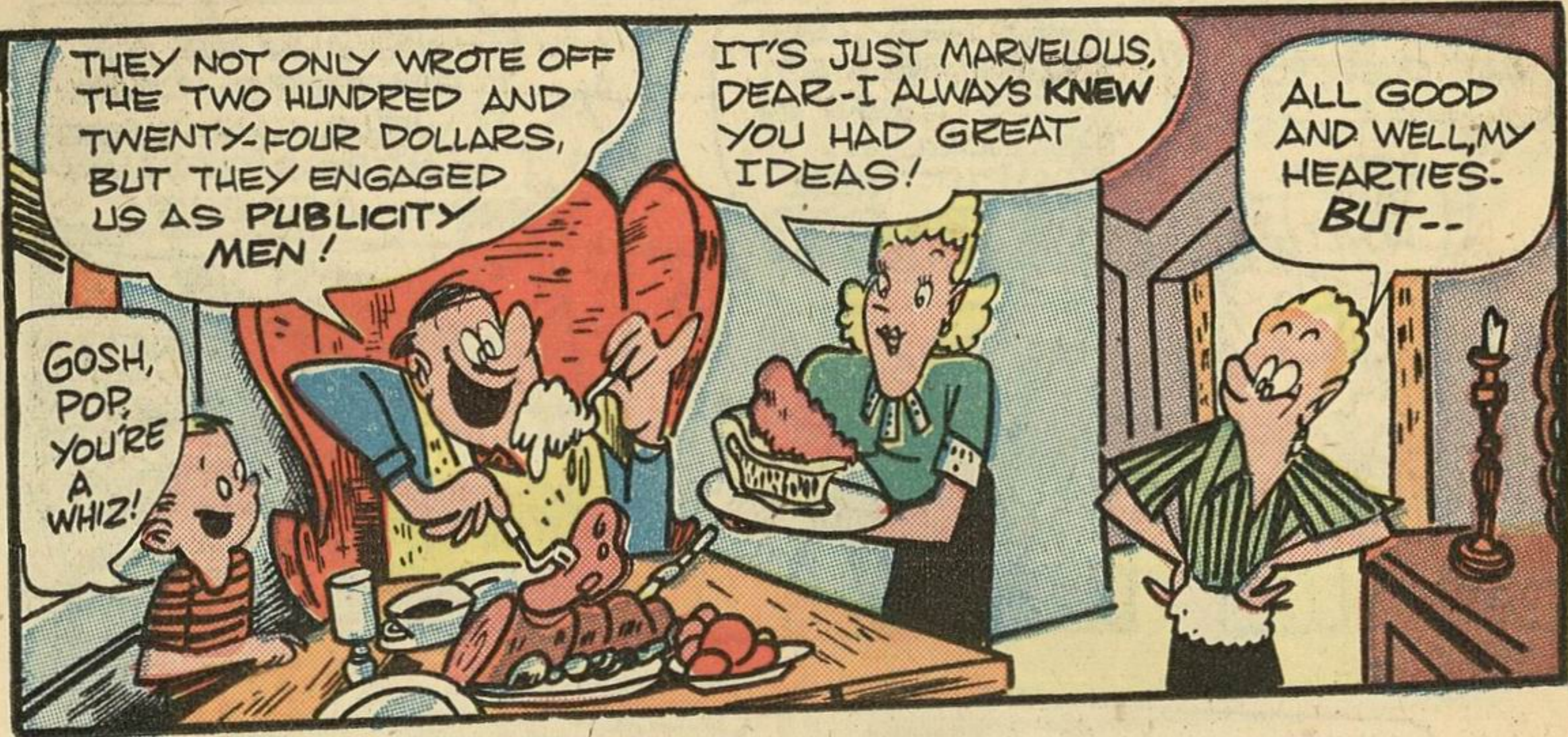
--IT'S ALL BETTER NOW! POP TOOK ME TO THE DOCTOR'S - THAT'S WHAT THE BILL WAS FOR!

?? MY BOY!







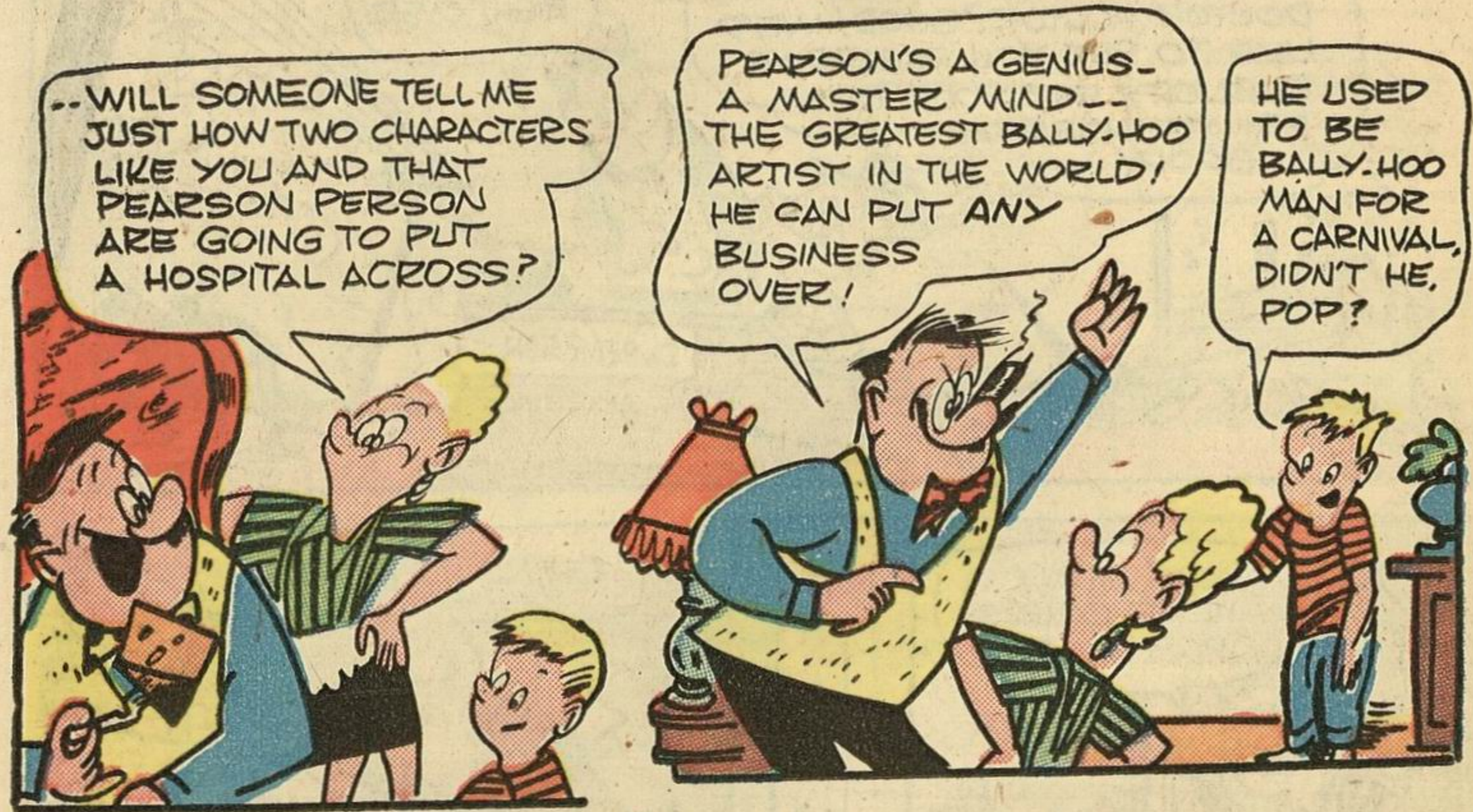


THEY NOT ONLY WROTE OFF THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS, BUT THEY ENGAGED US AS PUBLICITY MEN!

IT'S JUST MARVELOUS, DEAR-I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD GREAT IDEAS!

ALL GOOD AND WELL, MY HEARTIES- BUT--

GOSH, POP, YOU'RE A WHIZ!



--WILL SOMEONE TELL ME JUST HOW TWO CHARACTERS LIKE YOU AND THAT PEARSON PERSON ARE GOING TO PUT A HOSPITAL ACROSS?

PEARSON'S A GENIUS-- A MASTER MIND-- THE GREATEST BALLY-HOO ARTIST IN THE WORLD! HE CAN PUT ANY BUSINESS OVER!

HE USED TO BE BALLY-HOO MAN FOR A CARNIVAL, DIDN'T HE, POP?



CARNIVAL-HUH! THAT'S NOTHING- HE HANDLED GILLY'S WORLD FAMOUS TRAINED CATS AND RATS! HE MANAGED...

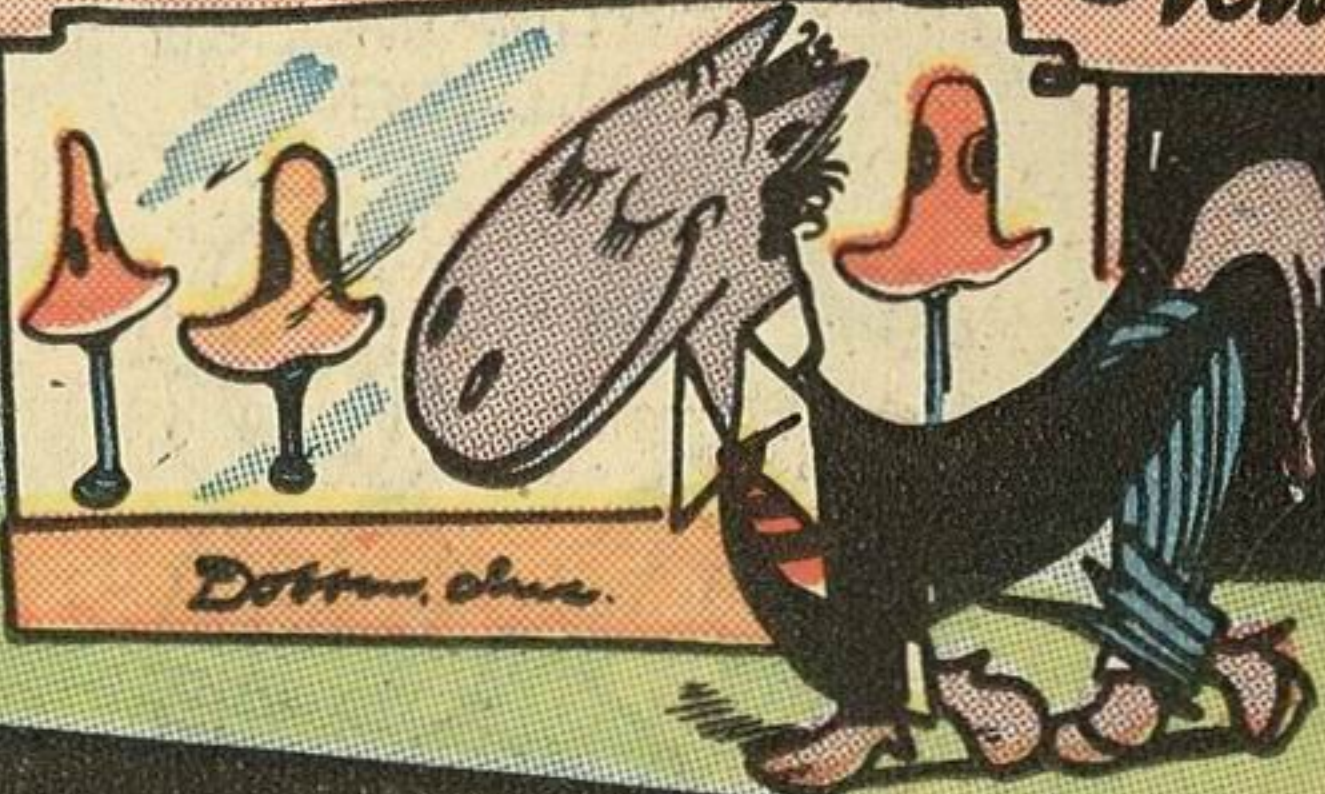
--THREE-HEADED HARRY! HE GOT THE GANGSTER'S GRANDMOTHER FORTY WEEKS ON THE AIR!

AH, BUT MY **BIG** SUCCESSES WERE LEGITIMATE BUSINESSES! LOOK! HERE'S SOME PHOTOS!

SHIMKY'S HULA PARADISE



Hats for Horses only By Dobbin



CUSTER'S LAST STAND



BILL &
PHIL

EST.
1910

--AND FOR THAT HOSPITAL
OPENING TONIGHT, I'VE
GOT THE GREATEST
STUNT EVER PULLED!
I'LL PACK 'EM IN!
SURE FIRE!
NEVER MISSES!

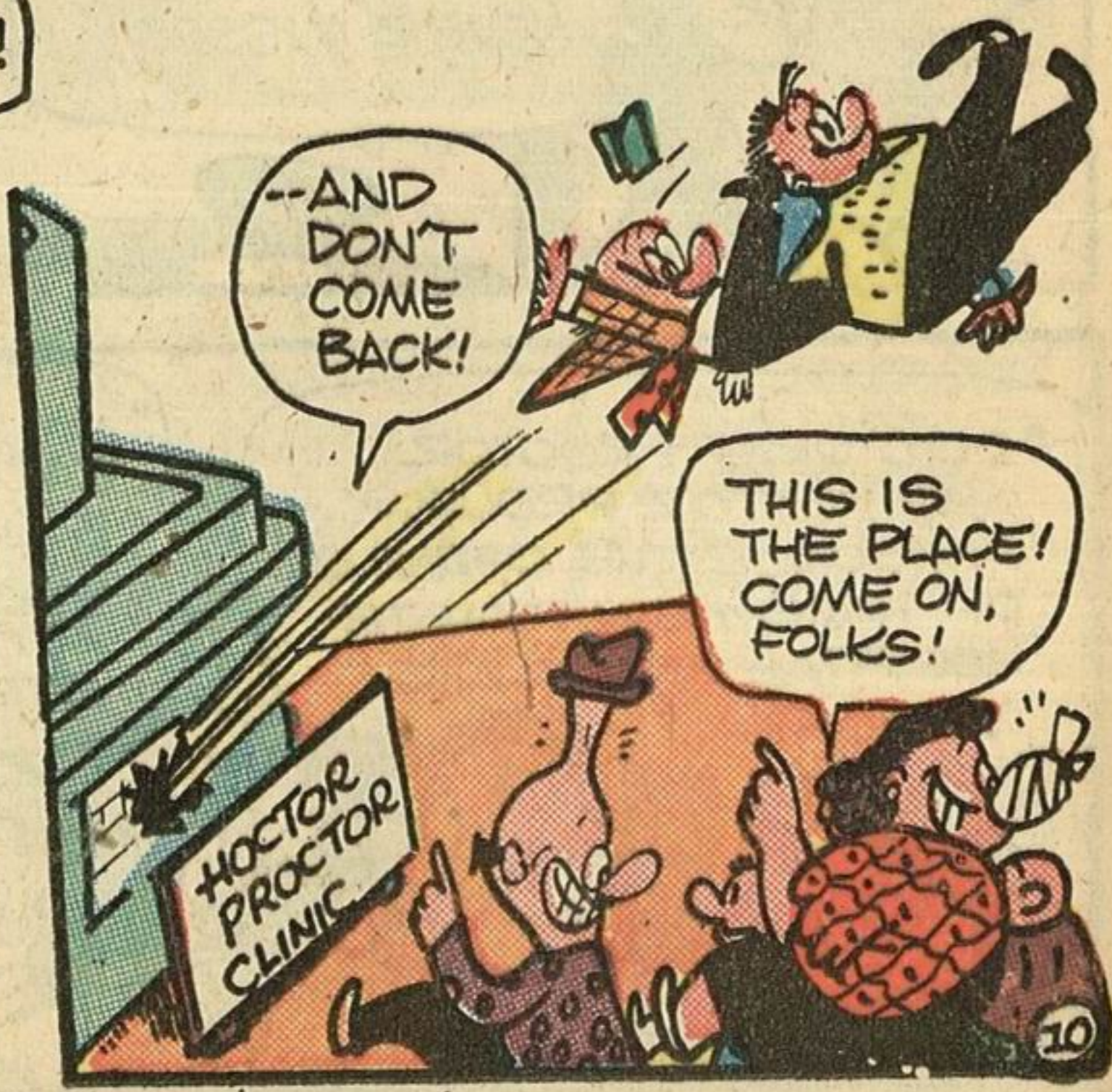
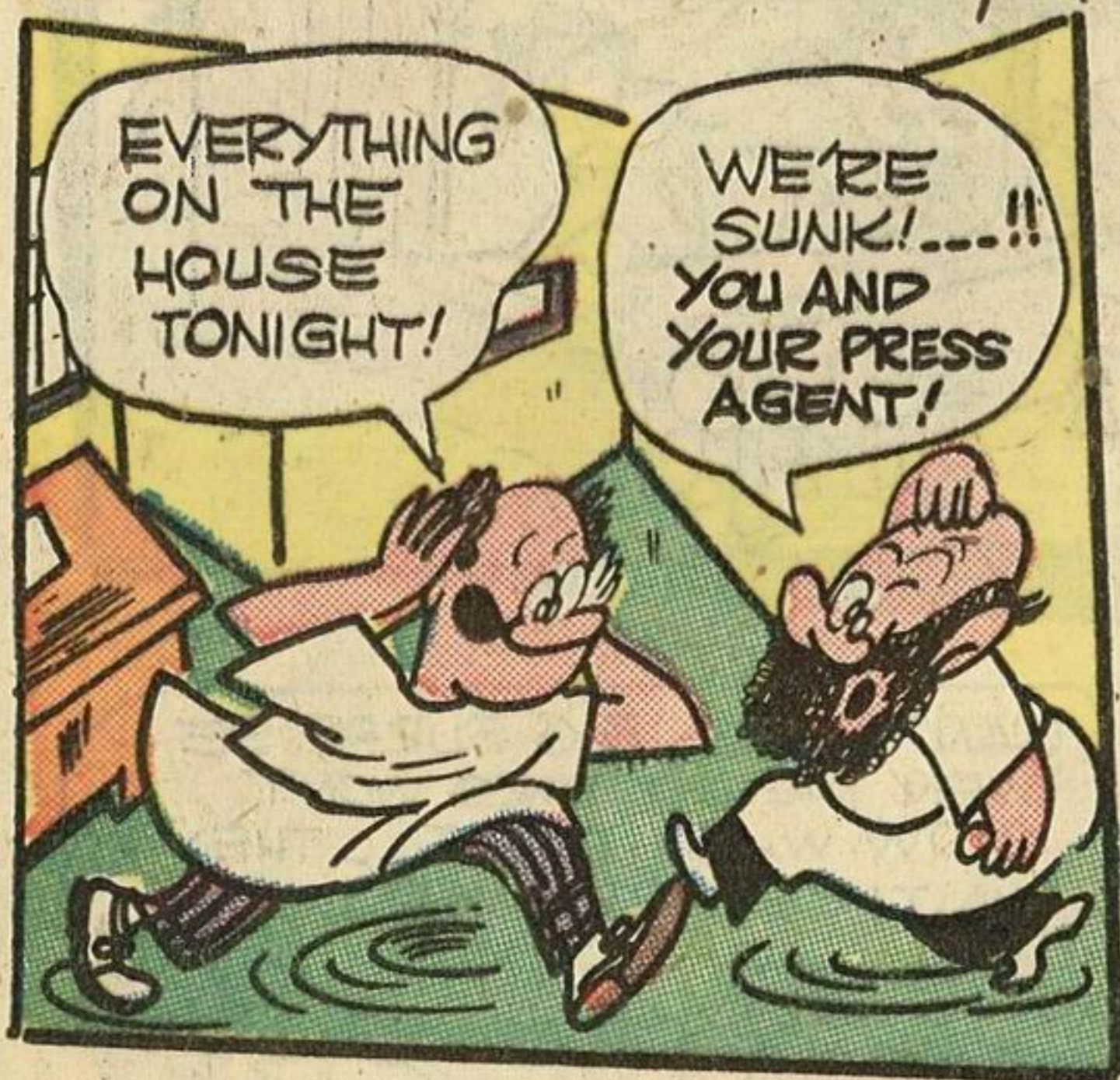
CAN'T MISS. BIG SURPRISE--
EVEN THE DOCTORS WON'T
KNOW WHAT IT IS TILL THEY--
WAIT! READ THIS AD--
LOOK!

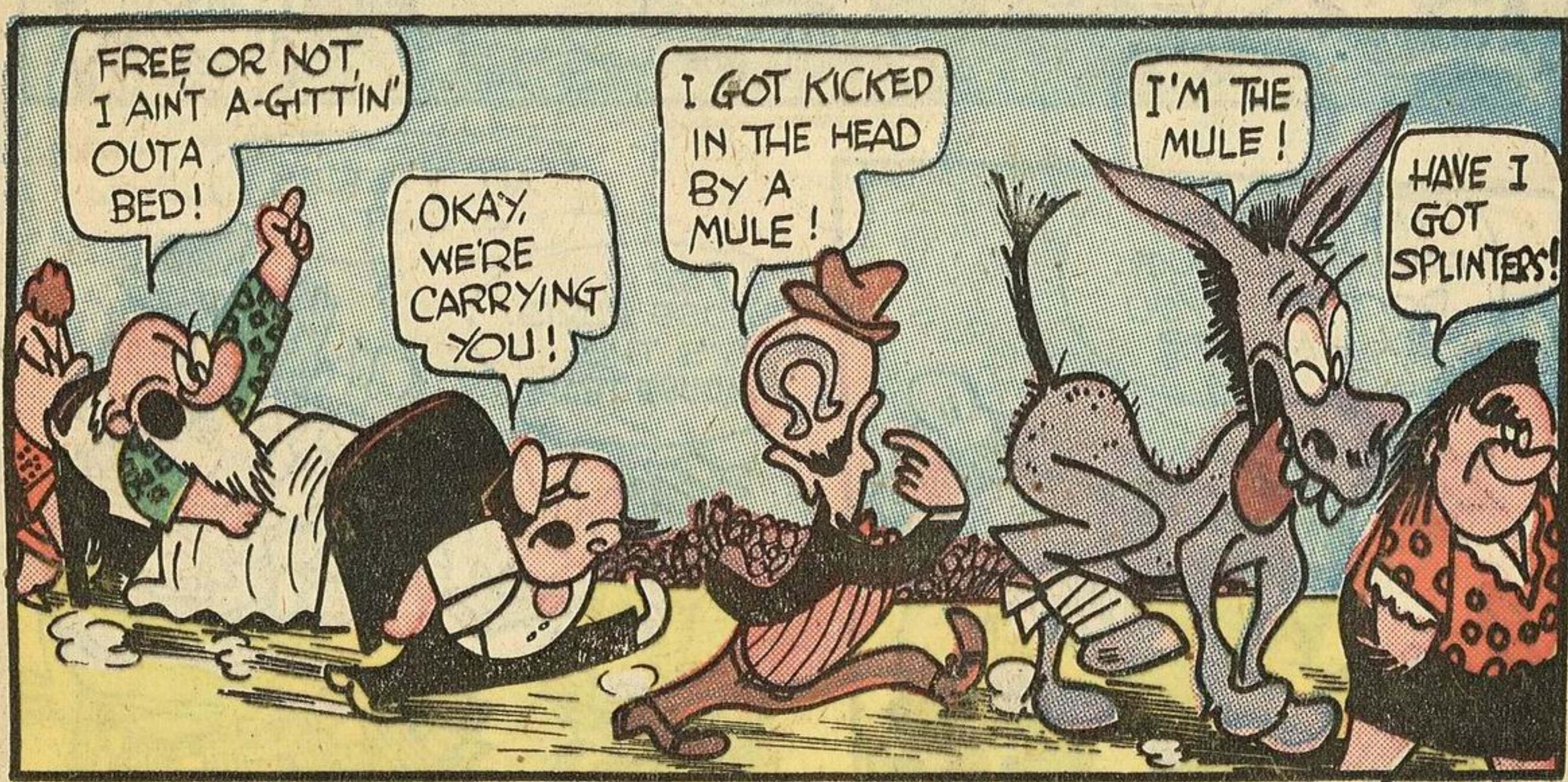
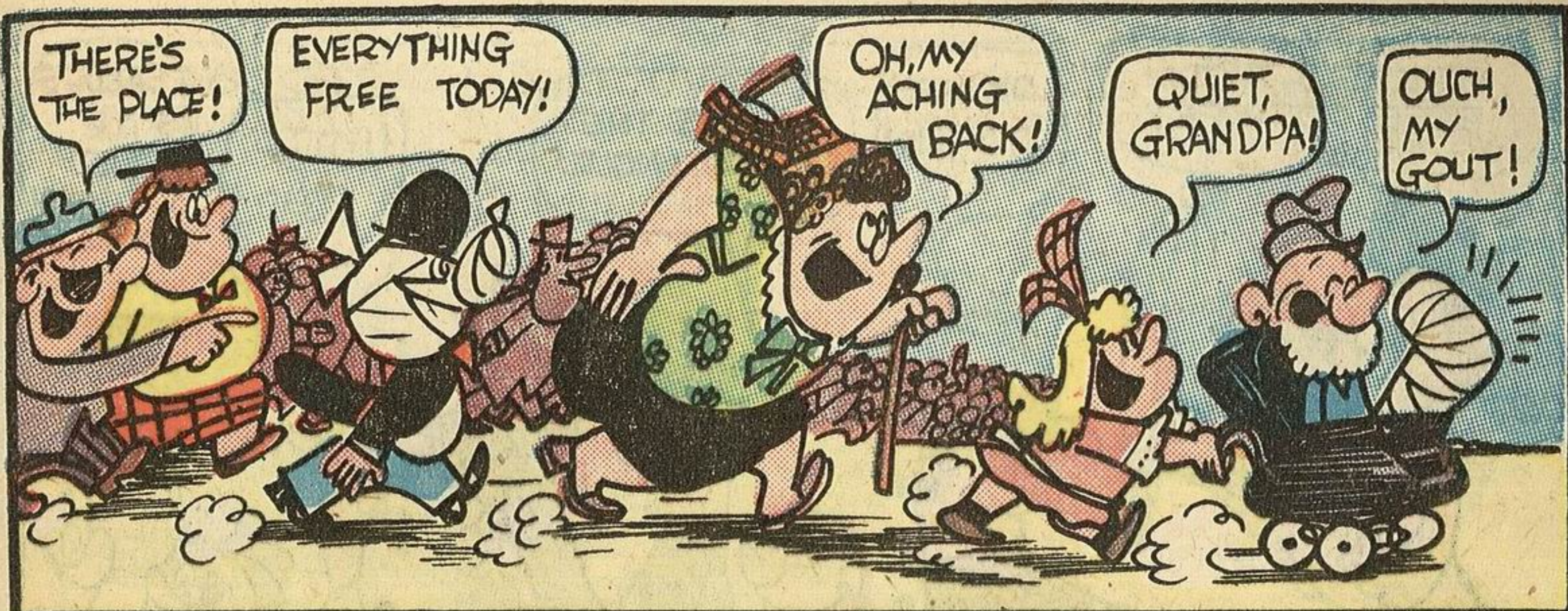
"DOCTORS PROCTOR
AND HOCTOR PROUDLY
ANNOUNCE THE OPENING
OF THEIR NEW PRIVATE
HOSPITAL AND CLINIC
TONIGHT--"

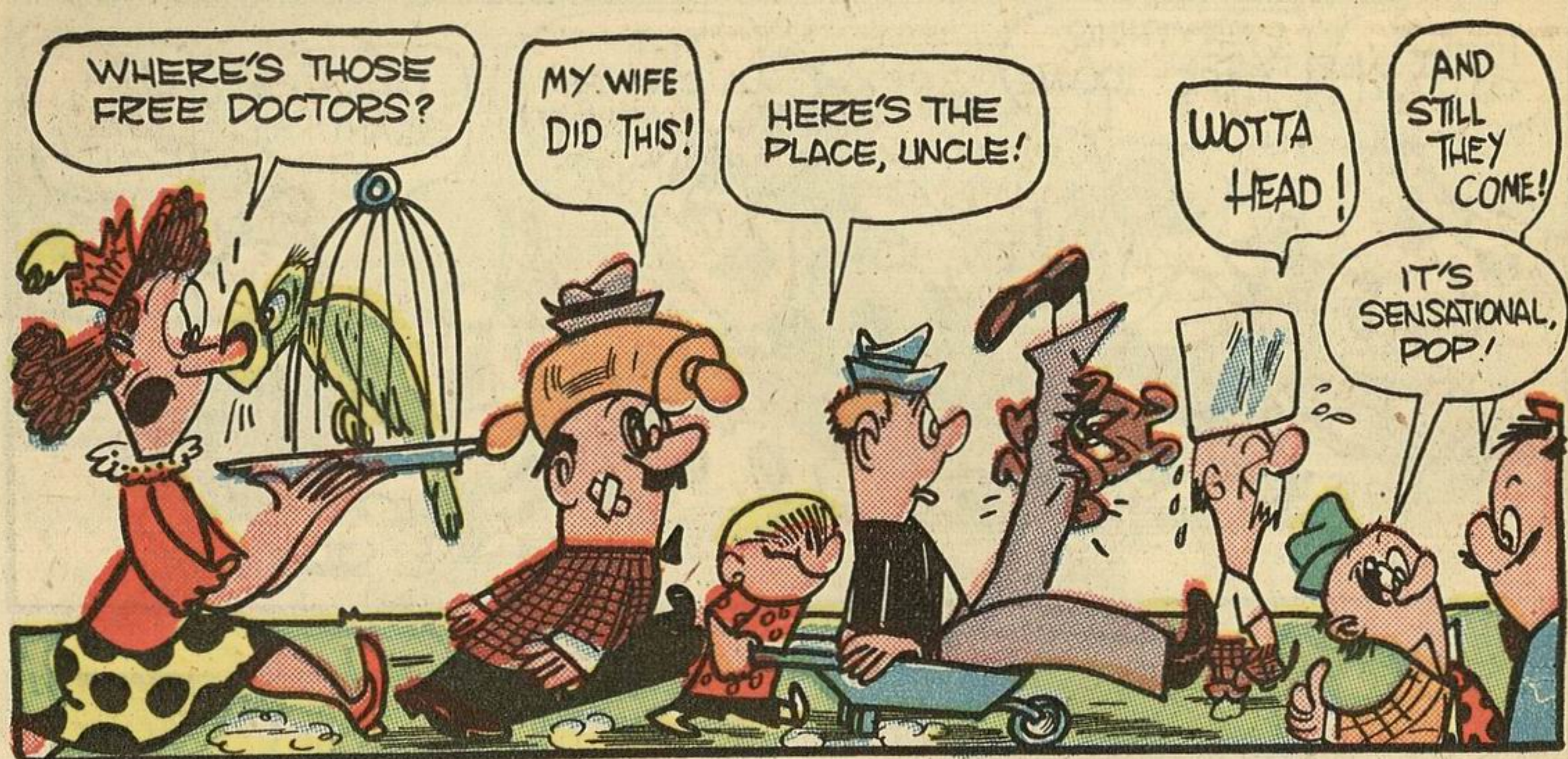
"AT 2808
BACKACHE
BOULEVARD--
AND AS AN
ADDED
ATTRACTION--"

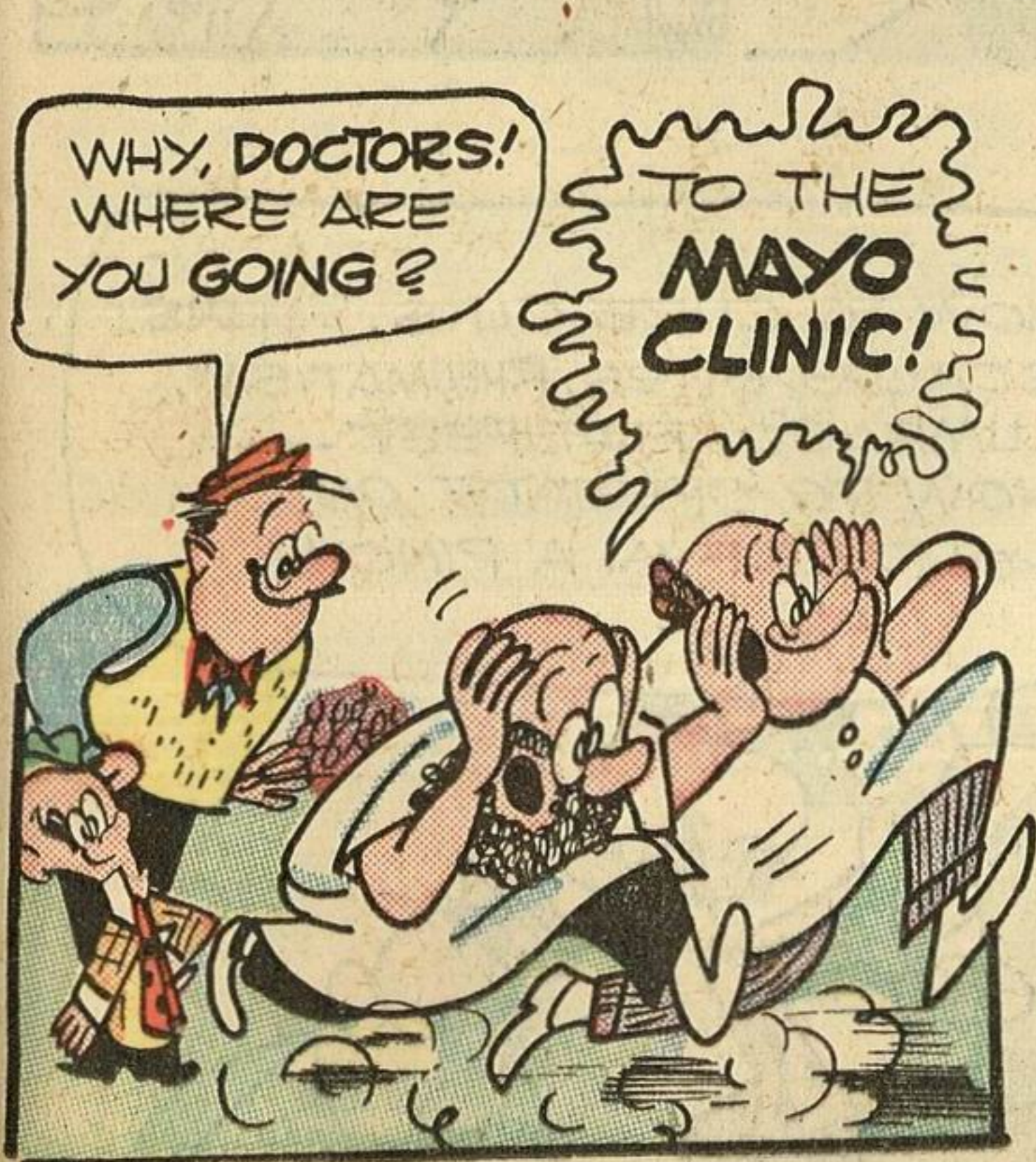
--ON THE OPENING NIGHT
ONLY.. **EVERYTHING**
IS ON THE
HOUSE!!"

MY
GOSH!









LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!



TONIGHT AT THE HOCTOR AND PROCTOR HOSPITAL CLINIC, **EVERYTHING** IS ON THE HOUSE -- AS YOU SEE!



THE ADVERTISEMENT STATED SO ---



AND--



-- IN ADDITION TO THIS, WE HAVE AN **ADDED** ATTRACTION!



FOR YOUR BENEFIT ONLY--THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE FIRST AID BOOKLET!



HOW TO CURE CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, BITES, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, FLAT FEET --- HOW TO OPERATE ON YOURSELF IN A PINCH! ALL --



- ABSOLUTELY FREE!!
- BUT FOR THE SMALL
SUM OF FIVE CENTS.
A NICKEL - A HALF - A
DIME, FOLKS -- JUST
TO COVER THE COST
OF PRINTING!



MY ASSISTANT, MISTER GAYLORD
GINCH, WILL PASS THEM
OUT AMONG
YOU!

YOU, SIR - THE
FIRST -- THANK
YOU, SIR! AND
YOU, MA'M --



THANK
YOU!

MY FELIX HAS
TROUBLE WITH
HIS NERVES!
WHAT SHOULD
HE DO?



TELL HIM TO
LIE IN THE TUB
EVERY DAY!

FOR
HOW
LONG?



TWENTY YEARS!
NEXT -



THANK YOU, SIR --
AND THAT IS ALL!
GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS!



FOURTEEN DOLLARS
FOR YOU, POP, AND
FOURTEEN FOR ME!

GOOD!



NOW WE
CAN PLAY
SOME KELLY
POOL!

FOURTEEN FISH -- WONDER
WHAT MY FAMILY'S
DOING?



I EXPECT GAYLORD VERY SOON NOW. MOTHER!

FRANKLY, I EXPECT THE POLICE! PRESS AGENT FOR A CLINIC - EVERYTHING ON THE HOUSE -- BAH!

OH, GAYLORD IS TRYING HIS BEST, MOTHER!

THAT'S NO EXCUSE! HE'S GOT REAL ABILITY - HE'S A FATHER - HE SHOULD BE FIRM - STR -

OOPS! HERE COMES POP!

HEY, POP, I DON'T THINK GRANDMA -

IT'S YOU I WANT TO SEE, YOUNG MAN!

WHAT WERE YOU SAVING THAT FOURTEEN DOLLARS FOR?

OH -- A SWEATER, MAYBE - ICE SKATES - A HOCKEY OUTFIT...

WELL, I WAS NEVER MUCH AT THAT DOUBLE-OR-NOTHING STUFF -- HERE'S FOURTEEN MORE!

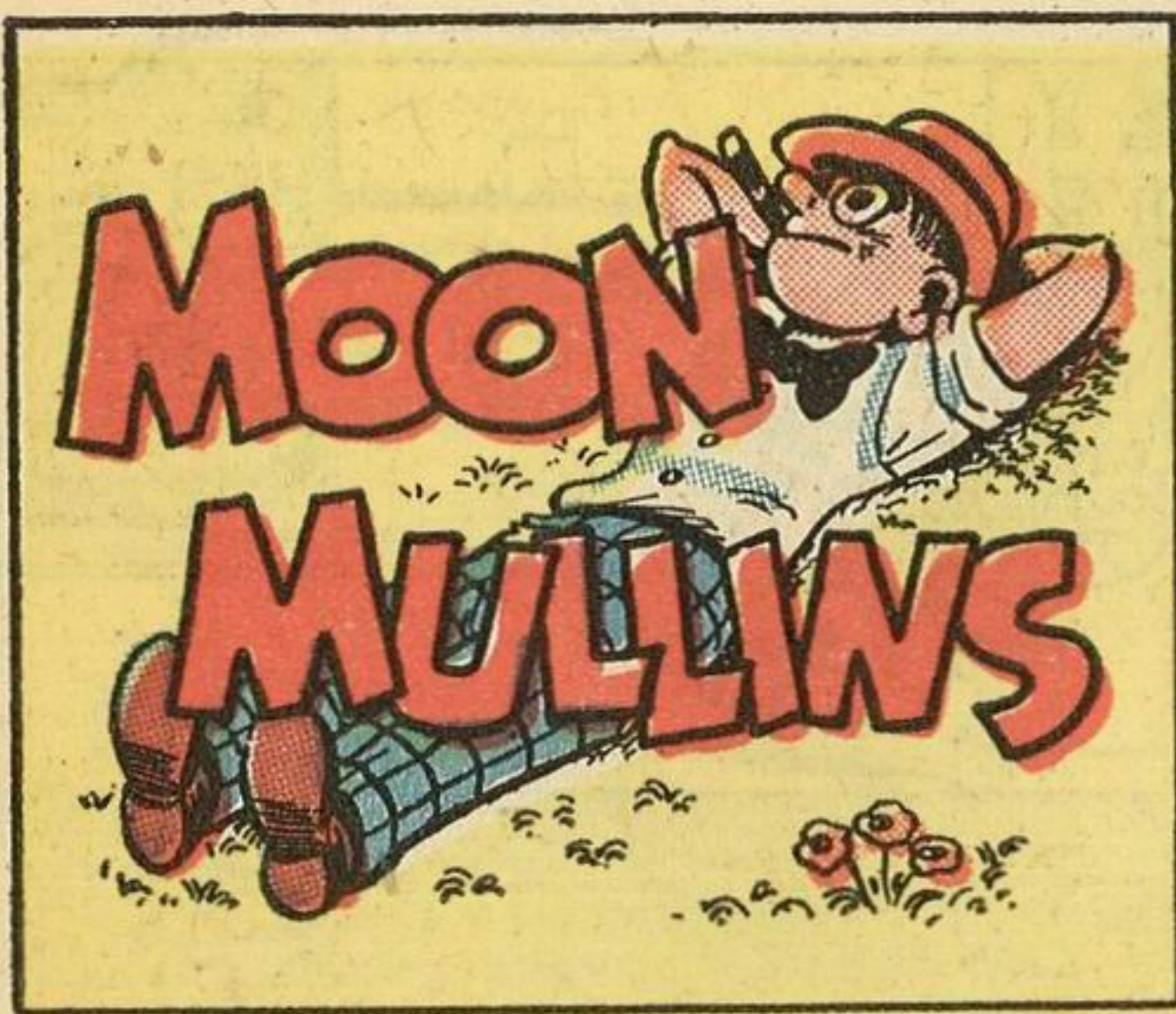
OH NO POP I COULDN'T TAKE THIS!

ARE YOU DEFYING YOUR FATHER'S ORDERS? THE TROUBLE IS I'M NOT FIRM - NOT STRICT -- NOW HERE!

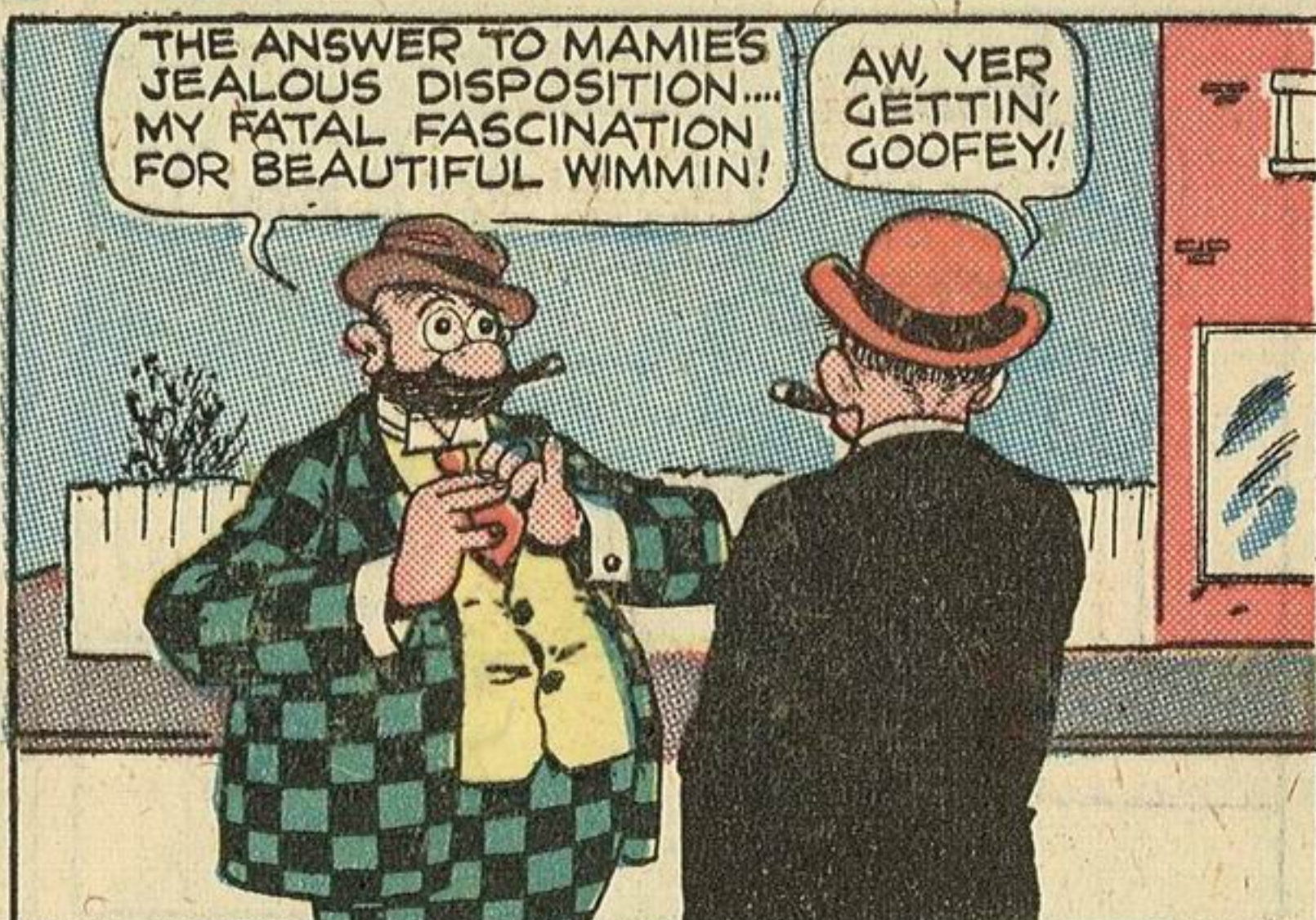
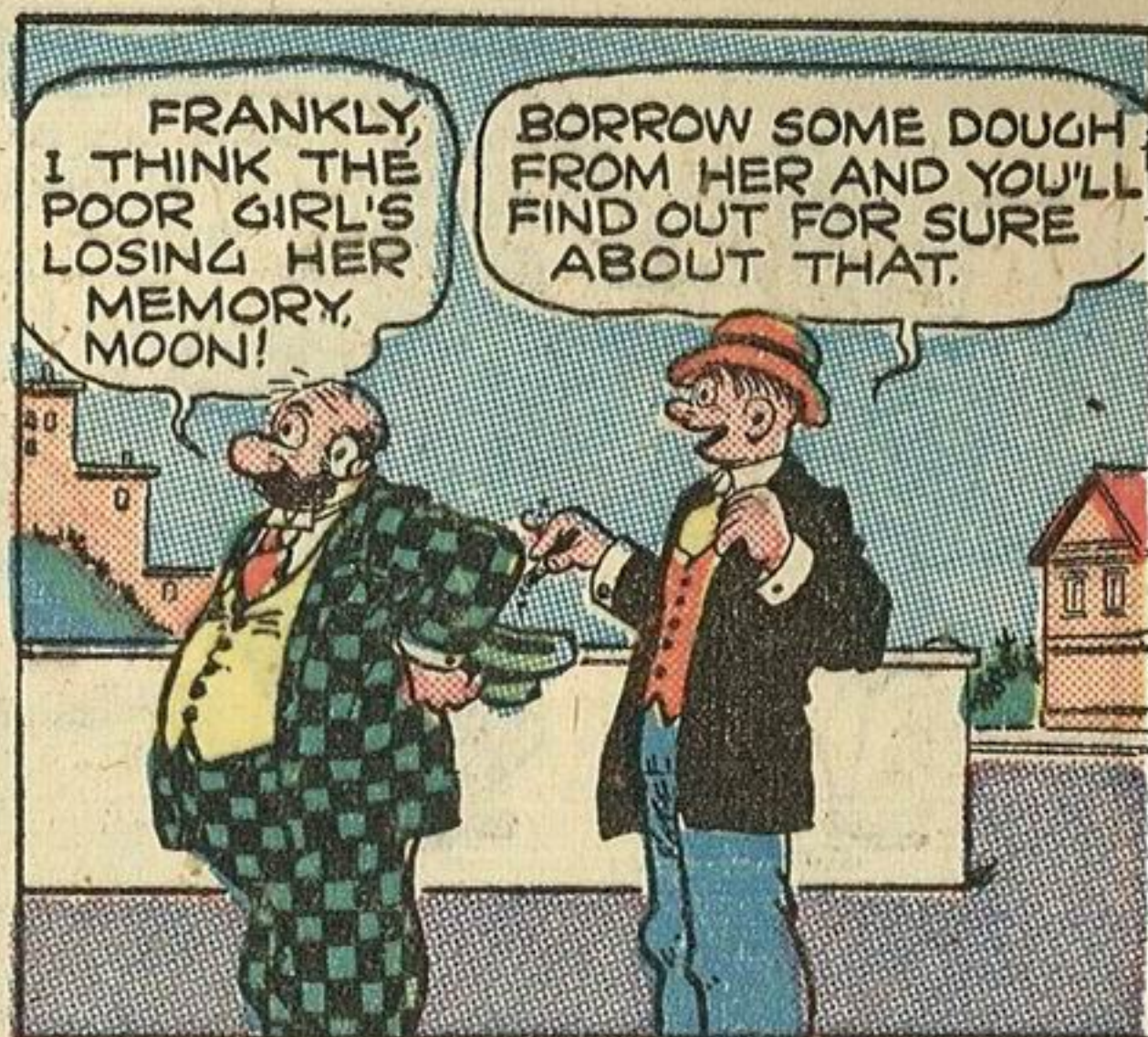
YOU SEE, MOTHER? SOME MEN ARE JUST EASY-GOING - WELL - MEANING! THEY STICK BY THEIR RATHER WORTHLESS FRIENDS - BUT.

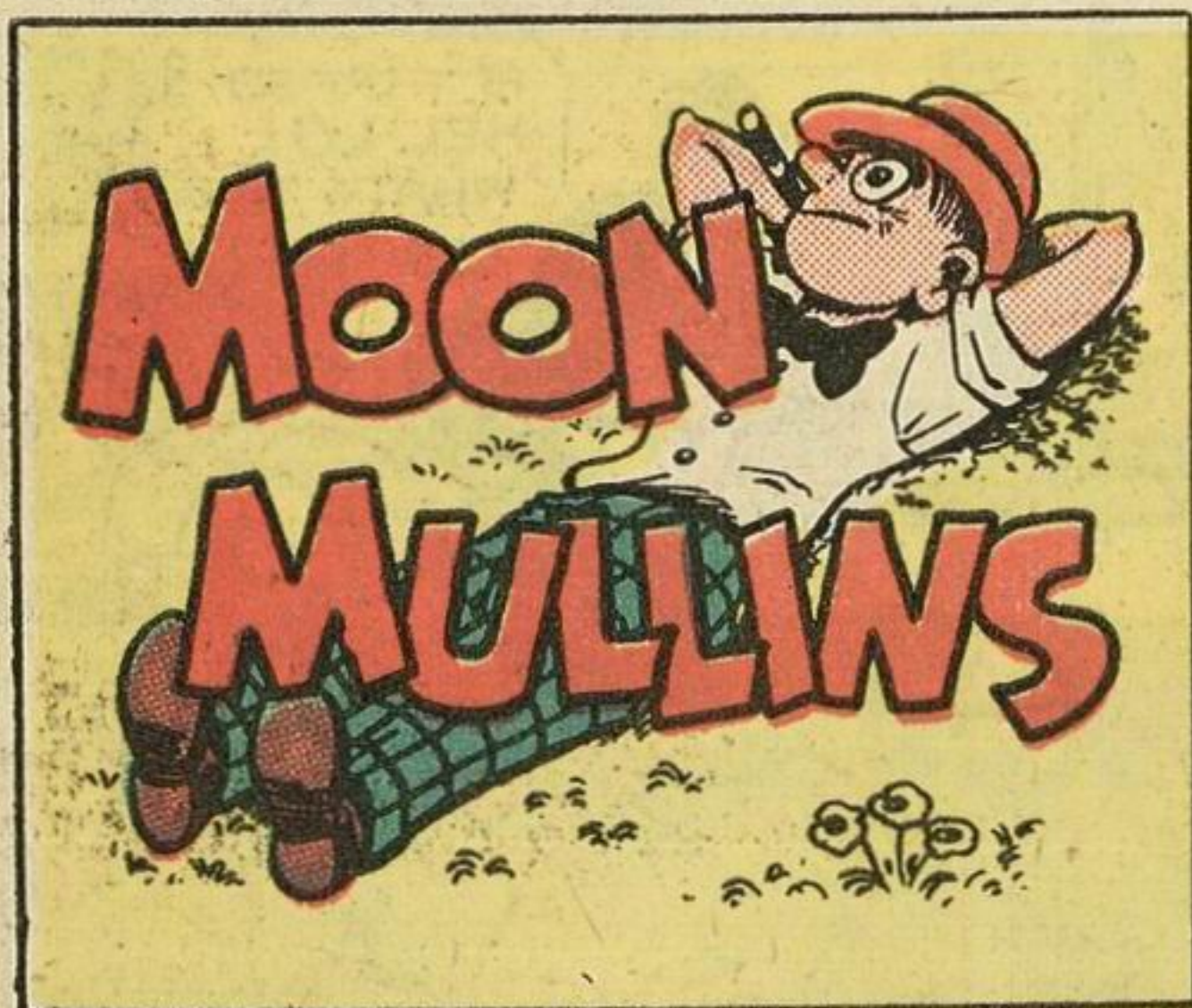
THAT'S MY POP!

AND FOR YOU, MY DEARS, PEANUT BRITTLE! I KNOW YOU BOTH LIKE PEANUT BRITTLE!









MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

"AND how would modom like her hair done?" the beauty parlor operator asked, showing Lady Plushbottom to an enclosed booth in the salon.

Emmy leaned back in her chair. "Well, I'll tell you, Marie," she started to say, when a harsh, loud voice from the next enclosed booth interrupted.

"I don't wanna mention no names, dearie," it said, "but the initials is E. P. Honestly, when that old bag puts on the dog about bein' Lady Plush . . . er, you know who I mean . . . the whole block laughs fit to bust!"

"Why, why, that's me she's talking about," sputtered Emmy. "Whoever she is, I . . . I'll . . ."

"An' she's pretty close to sixty," the voice continued. "Imagine that scarecrow puttin' on airs an' actin' so hoity-toity! You oughta see her in the mornin' when she gets up!"

Emmy made a heroic effort to control herself. "Ha! Idle gossip!" she snorted through her facial masque. "I, personally, am not the type to stoop to such nasty, malicious talk!"

Her voice took on a sharp, shrill quality which carried it through every corner of the beauty salon. Even Mamie, whose head was at the moment disappearing under a hair dryer, could not help but hear her words.

"The things I have to stand for!" complained Lady Plushbottom. "That Mamie, for instance. I don't know whether she's

just fat, just lazy or both! And, my dear, such vulgarity! Such cheap, crude, loud—"

"Modom is finished now," announced Marie, spraying lacquer on Emmy's hair.

Lady Plushbottom threw a last, self-satisfied glance at her reflection, patted her curls, added an extra polish to her fingernails by buffing them, and left the booth.

At that very moment, the occupant of the next booth was leaving, too. The two ladies, fresh from the curlers, lotions and sprays, took one look at each other!

Lady Plushbottom shrieked, "Mamie! So it was you, you vicious, lying . . ."

Mamie snarled, "Hmph! Lady Plushbottom! I've got a mind to . . ."

The Elite Beauty Salon had never witnessed such a transformation . . . in reverse! Without waiting for the bell, Emmy and Mamie lunged at each other, kicking, scratching, tugging and slapping! It took fifteen minutes and eight women to separate them.

And when they were separated . . . oh, sister!

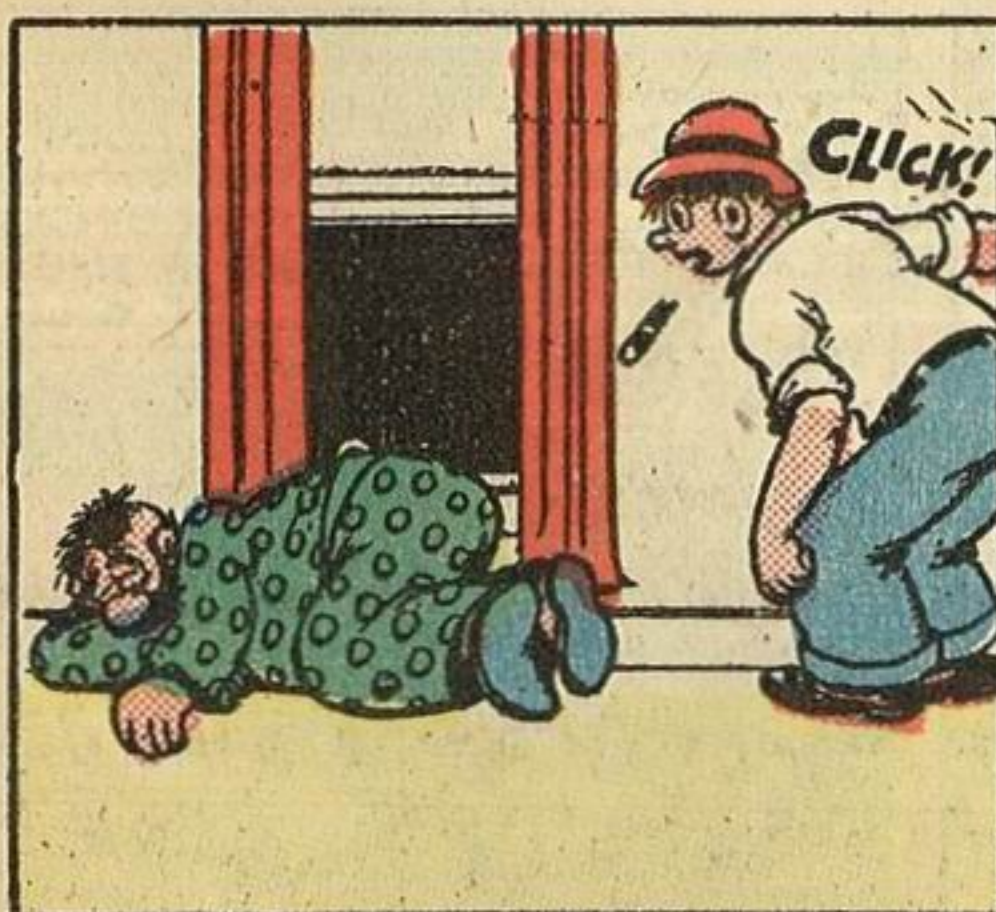
With their hair coming down in strings, their nails chipped and broken and all their make-up smeared and smudged, two dishevelled war horses staggered wearily back into adjoining booths.

Marie took a good look at Lady Plushbottom. "Why, modom!" she screamed.

And from Mamie's cubicle next door, came a similar scream. "Why, modom!"

MOON MULLINS

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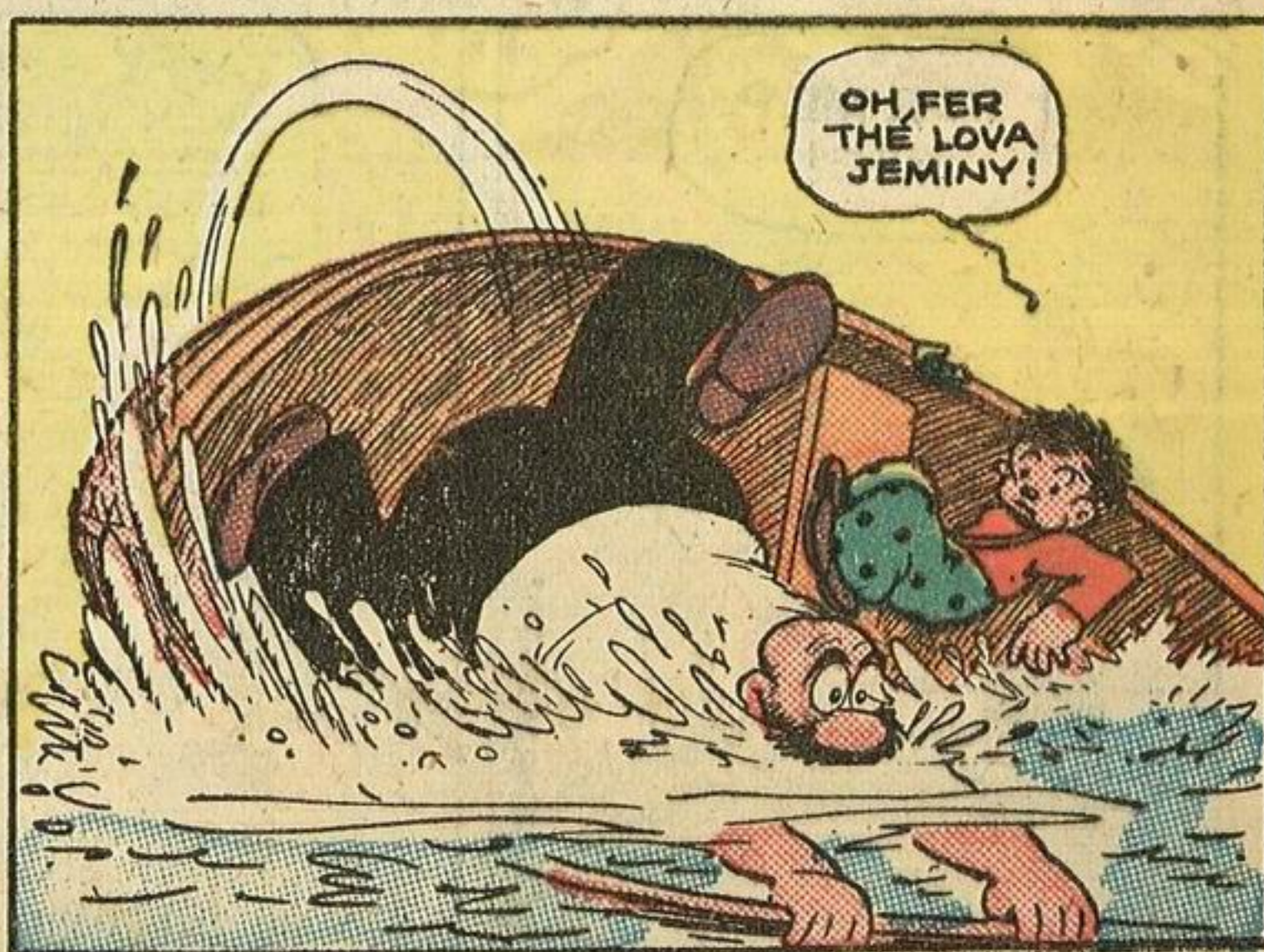
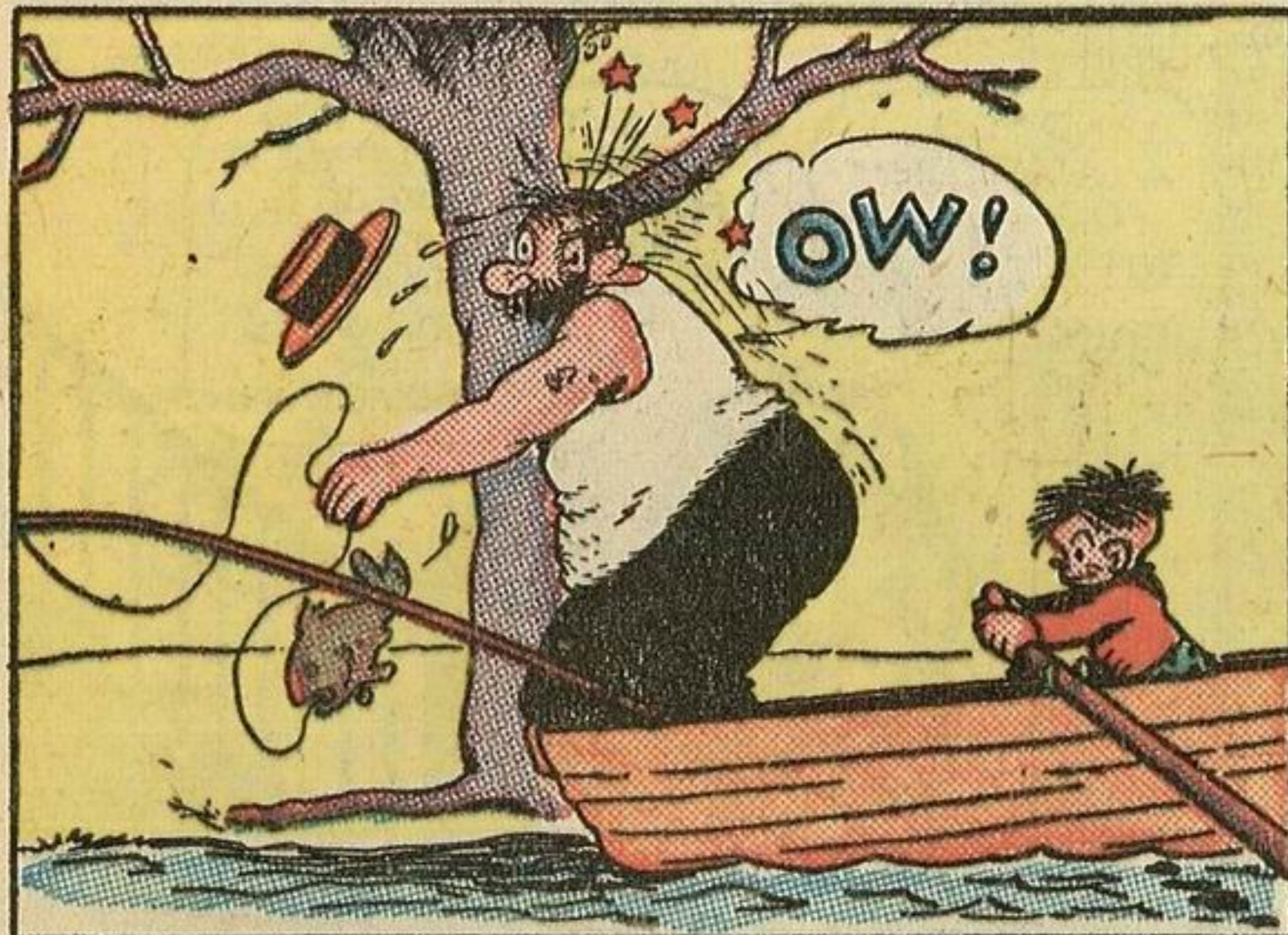
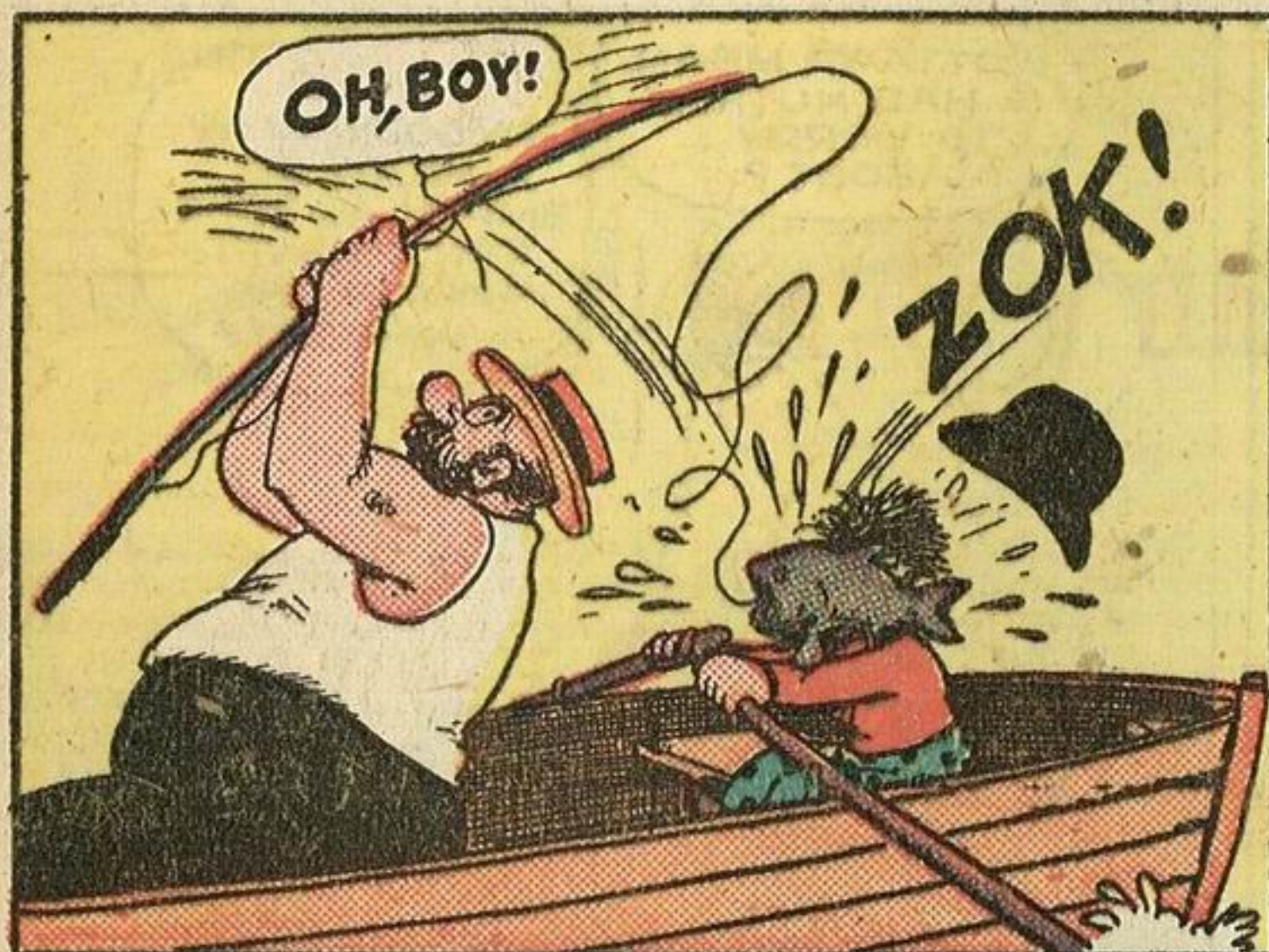


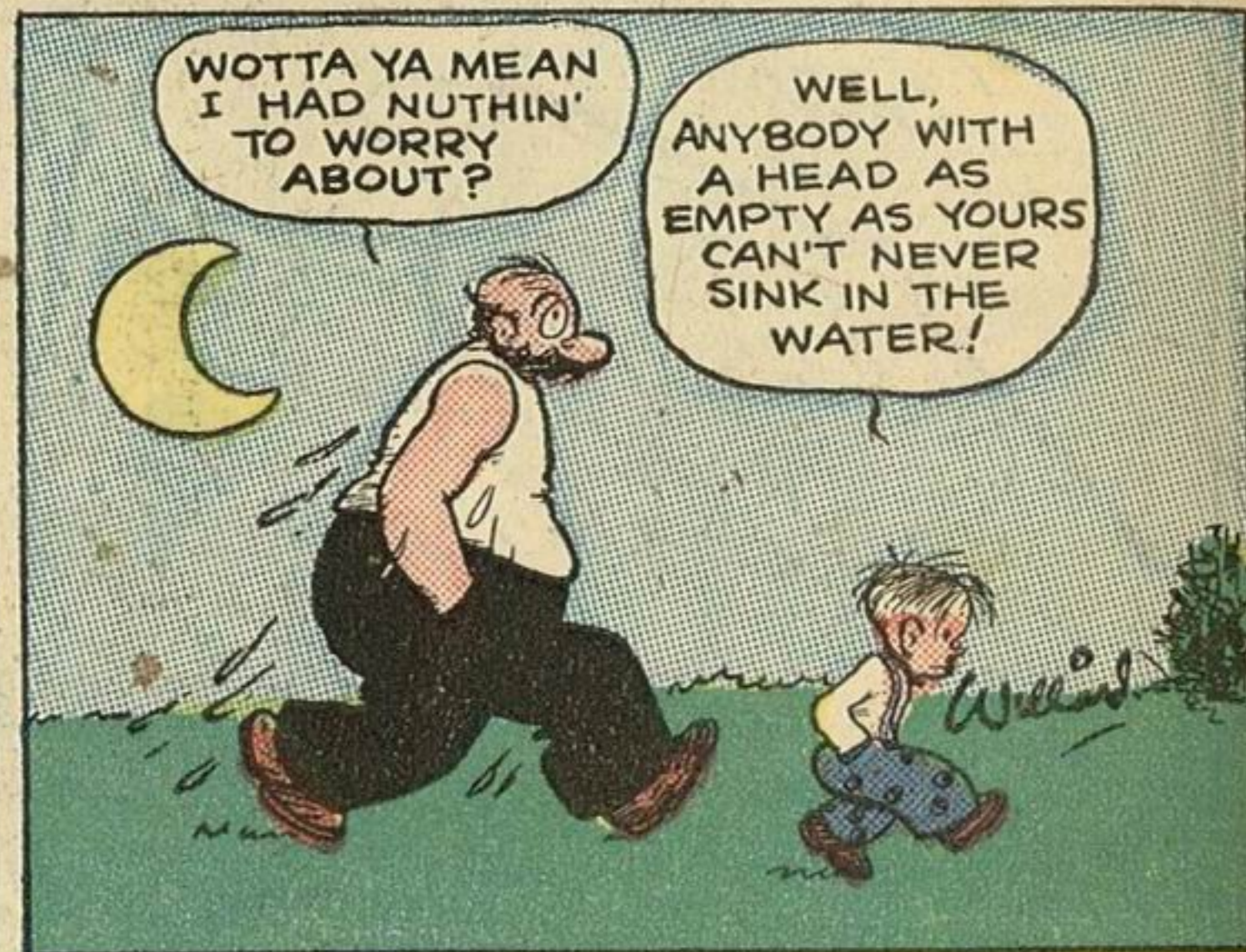
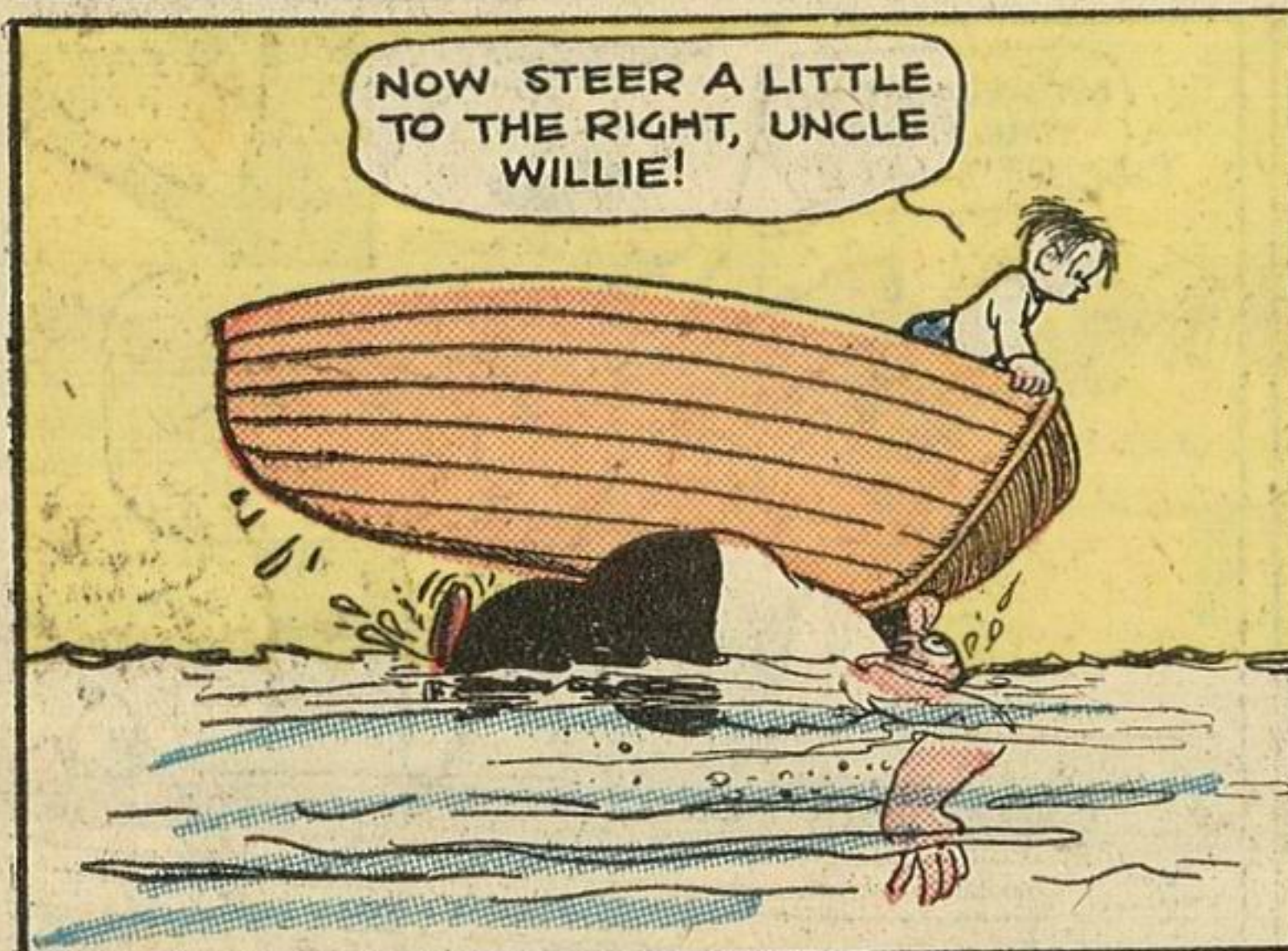
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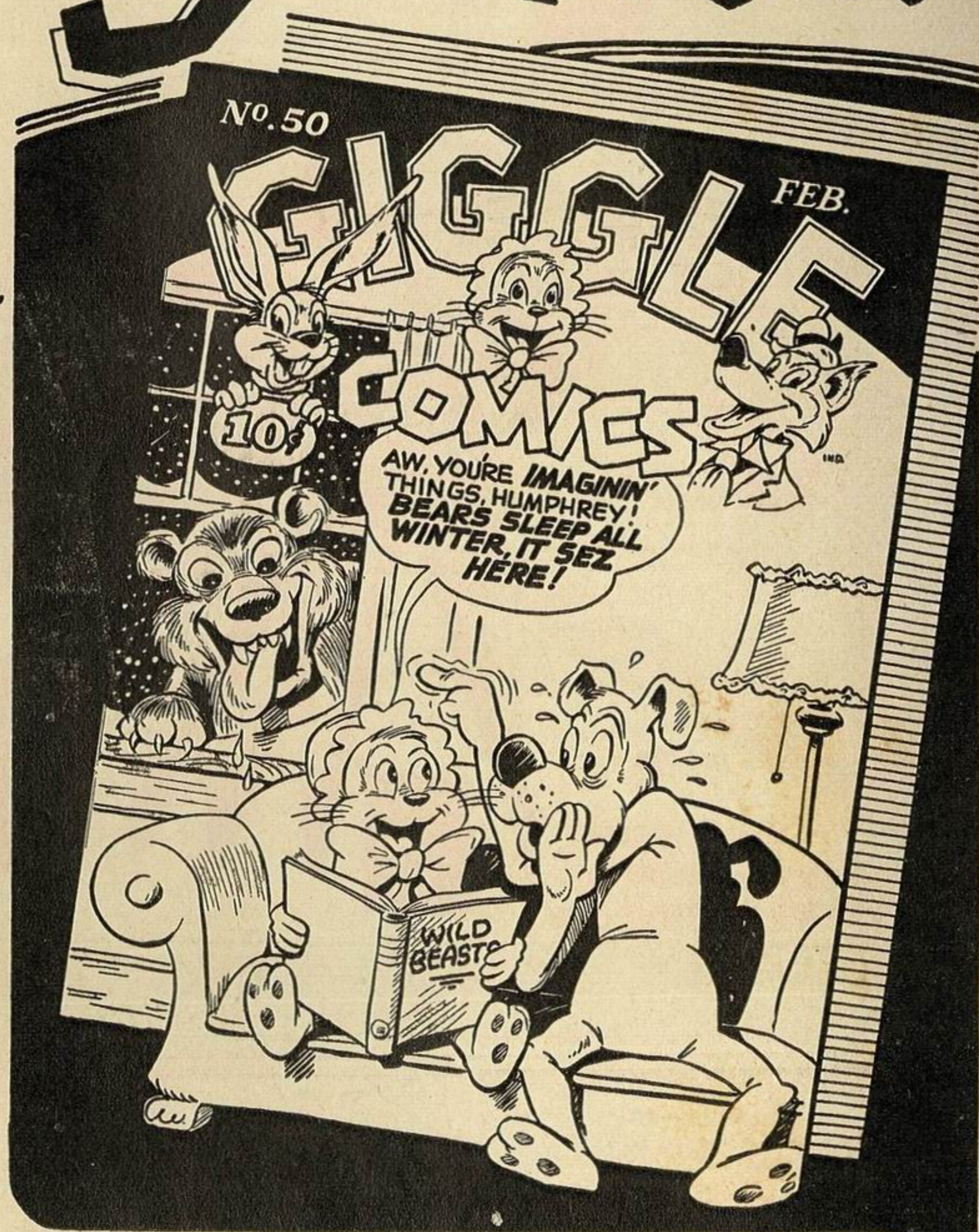


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